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\$1.95



# 10-INCH TOKER

BY RICH CUMMINGS

ADULTS ONLY

## FOREWORD

Carey Baxter had problems! A kid like Carey — toting ten inches and saddled with a host of predatory uncles — has to expect trouble somewhere along the line. First there was kindly Uncle Terence, who was eager to set Carey up as a summer camp mascot. Then Uncle Ernie, who was even more eager to set the lad up in a love nest. Thornier problems developed on account of mean Uncle Harcourt, the queer one with a restless hang and no setting-up plans.

Carey has a surefire method for dealing with anything that might arise. When he's adrift at camp, spectacular things arise at all hours. At school, in a deluxe midtown hideaway, Carey copes with one knotty entanglement after another. How that boy loves to cope! Carey's prowess and his dimensions prove too much for the swimming coach and a crew of camp counselors as well as hardened, gimlet-eyed professionals.

Finally he gets away from it all in a sleepy Arkansas hamlet. Sleepy until the arrival of Carey. How he wakes up the countryside and beds down the lustier rustics provides a punchy, suck-happy conclusion to the gutsiest chronicles from the Rich Cummings archives.

# CHAPTER ONE

Teddy opened his fly and aimed his piss flow at the precise center of the toilet bowl. I examined the wallpaper.

Gee, the Sloans had a pretty bathroom, papered with a frieze of neatly etched schooners sailing on panels of placid green water. I never got tired of tracing the pattern on that wallpaper. I got awfully tired of looking at Ted's jock though. He was always showing it. Always suggesting that we pull off together.

I seldom refused him. In fact I sorta looked forward to sessions in the bathroom with Teddy. It made a nice change from pulling off in private. My young friend's conception of mutual masturbation was primitive however, and basically anti-social. He'd handle his, I'd handle mine, and the only concession to the social nature of the occasion was a gasp or two of jerk-off conversation. Mostly involving the precocious tits of a coed classmate or the power-suction pussy of a big-titted movie star.

I didn't care much about coeds or cinema cuties. I didn't care too much for the dick Ted was pulling so industriously. Besides possessing primitive sex concepts, the kid possessed a woefully inadequate pecker. At the age of fourteen his erection barely spanned five fucking inches. Mine extended a fraction less than twice that length, and I was only two months older than Teddy.

Still, I wouldn't mind experimenting with him. Grab his putz and see if I could stretch it. Maybe do something else with it. Don't ask me what. Honest, I didn't have the foggiest notion. Bronx boys are notoriously backward, and we lived in the Bronx suburb of Riverdale. Jacking off side by side with my buddy in his Riverdale bathroom, I wouldn't know how to proceed if he suddenly said: "Okay, Carey, it's all yours. Let's experiment." Maybe I'd make a fool of myself and swoop down and kiss it.

No danger. No chance of offers from Teddy. He was hopelessly conservative, he didn't like having his cock grabbed. Anyway, he jacked so fast that if he stopped to make offers he'd spurt outta sheer momentum. That was my favorite moment when the jizz spurted. There was no more

distracting chatter about titskas, and I could imagine my buddy unloading his boy cream down my mouth. That always set me off. Ted would observe clinically, “You sure shoot a big load, Carey.” Then I’d mop up whatever splattered on the tiles. Ted would flush the toilet.

I was too shy to suggest experimentation.

After a sterile down-the-bowl ejaculation one day in June Ted made a suggestion. “Let’s see if there’s any Cokes left, Carey. I wanna talk to you.”

We found a whole row of soft drinks in the gleaming refrigerator. Ted’s mother worked all day, but she kept the house spic and shiny. Not like my Aunt Marsha. Marsha never could buck the housekeeping with Uncle Ernest around to scuff up the woodwork and scatter cigar ashes. My aunt and uncle were okay, they were the only guardians I had. Teddy was talking about *his* uncle.

“He runs this boys camp upstate. Camp Sha-wan-ga. That’s Cherokee for ‘Happy Playmates,’ ” Teddy explained without flinching. “So I gotta go there this summer. I thought maybe you’d like to come with me.”

“Guess it would cost too much,” I replied automatically. Anything with a price tag cost too much according to Uncle Ernest. He was an erratic provider, not miserly. The budget never provided for summer camp or vacations.

“That’s just it,” Teddy insisted. “It won’t cost anything. My uncle says I can bring a friend along if the friend’s up to Sha-wan-ga standards.”

“What’s that mean?”

Ted shrugged. “Gosh, I dunno, Carey. You’d hafta ask Uncle Terence.”

I forgot about the proposal till a week or two later when Ted caught up with me in the schoolyard.

“Uncle Terence is visiting us. Wanna come home with me an’ meet him. Then you can find out about the camp an’ all.”

So I walked Ted back, knowing there’d be no jerk-off that afternoon, no experiment. Ted’s Uncle Terence was very much at home in the Sloans’ living room. I hated him on sight. He looked as if he was gonna ask me, “What do you want to be when you grow up, sonny?” and sneer at the

answer. He had puffy red lips already half curled for sneering. He was much younger than my uncle and about fifty pounds fatter. Sprawled on the easy chair, leafing through a magazine. I thought, *The sonofabitch is too fucking lazy to run a camp. He must squat in the big tent and make the kids fan the flies away.*

Speaking politely to an elder, Ted introduced me as “Carey Baxter, my best buddy.”

Terence put aside his magazine. He pursed his lips. I could see it coming—the sneer and a snide remark to go with it. The sneer came on cue, but it was directed at his nephew. And the remark was unsnide and innocent. “Please ask Aunt Alice to come here for a second.”

Ted scooted out and the fat man stared at me. Sizing me up to determine whether I met the Camp Sha-wan-ga standards. I kept my eyes lowered. Only by sorta peeking out furtively I realized that Terry was smiling at me. He didn’t say anything till Ted returned with a washed-out blonde in tow. Then Mr. Terence did the honors.

“Alice, this is Ted’s best buddy, Carey Baxter.” Slight sneer on the *best*, double on the *buddy*. In a completely different tone, he added: “Why don’t we surprise the folks and have dinner ready when they get here? Suppose you do the marketing, Alice? I’m sure Ted will help you find the stores and pick out something gooey for dessert. Won’t you, Ted?”

I was hoping Fatty would cough up a quarter for an ice cream cone before dessert time. But he kept his hands in his pockets and I wasn’t even invited to join the shoppers. *Au contraire*. Mr. Terence coolly suggested that I remain to discuss plans for the summer. When we were alone, he murmured: “Ted tells me you’d like to stay at Camp Sha-wan-ga. Is that from a sense of loyalty to your buddy? Or do you just enjoy outdoor pursuits?”

Loyalty, my asshole! How would I know if I enjoyed “outdoor pursuits” when I’d never been further out than the Botanical Gardens? On the assumption that Fatty’s high standards included honesty, I admitted: “Neither. I just thought it would be kinda fun getting away from the Bronx for the summer.” The honest answer seemed to disconcert him. Before he could recover, I took the offensive. “Been running the camp long, Sir?”

Big Chief Sha-wan-ga hesitated. “Not in the present location. Originally we were in-uh-the midwest. This is our inaugural season up in New York State, and it’s going to be a wonderful season.” He whipped out a ballpoint. “Now then. I make it a rule to screen out applicants. No objection?”

“Certainly not, Sir.”

“Good.” He started scribbling. “Name-Carey Baxter. Where do you live, Carey? Name, address, names of parents or guardians, what school are you attending? grade? married or single?

“Don’t laugh, Carey. One of our campers was married. Under sixteen and married when he signed up for a summer at Sha-wan-ga. That brought on complications. He demanded visiting privileges for his wife. Wanted so bad to fuck her. I guess all boys in their teens are hot to fuck chicks. But we have to do without them for a while, don’t we? Can’t have girls at our camp in the woods, can we?”

“No, Sir, guess we can’t.” *No, Sir, guess that married teenager is a figment of your fucking imagination. Now why did you want to bring him in? Like to talk about fucking, don’t you, Terry?*

Mr. Terence licked his lips. “Boys have enough sex problems without chicks to complicate matters. Uh-where were we; You’re a second-year student at Riverdale Junior High. How old are you, Carey? Age-height-weight?”

“I think I’m about 135, sir.”

“Oh, we prefer to be exact at Sha-wan-ga. I believe there’s a scale upstairs.”

That’s when I felt there was something decidedly non-kosher about Ted’s Uncle Terence. I knew damn well where that scale was-in the jerk-off bathroom.

Fatty seemed to read my mind fluently. “Know your way around up here, don’t you; I suppose you and Ted, being best buddies, spend a lot of time together. In his room, studying and goofing off and - Now where did I see that scale?”

“In here, Sir.” It felt strange crowding into the bathroom with Ted’s uncle. As we crossed the threshold, his powerful belly was suddenly

jammed against my stomach. It was solid fat, not flabby. I stepped on the scale.

“Not that way, Carey. Not with your clothes on.”

*I knew he was going to say that. I knew it!* Before we climbed the stairs, I knew he wanted me naked. Without thinking, mechanically, I obeyed him. I peeled down to my Jockeys and stared at the wallpaper.

Terry whistled. “One thirty-four even. That’s ideal for your height, Carey. You seem to be in fine shape, boy. I think we’d like to have you with us at camp. Wait, don’t get dressed yet. I have something for you. Come with me.”

Except that he half pushed, half led me to the Sloans’ guest room, Terry didn’t touch me. He didn’t really look at me, but he kept talking, jabbering away, a meaningless muddle of jabber.

“You’ll enjoy camp life, fella. We do exciting things, all boys together. I understand boys your age, Carey.” He interrupted the chatter to rummage in a battered flight bag. “This is what we wear at camp-the Sha-wan-ga uniform.” He held up a T-shirt and what looked like a pair of track shorts. Both parts of the uniform were white, with a red Indian headdress of feathers emblazoned on the middle of the shirt and along one side of the shorts. The name SHA-WAN-GA was stamped in green letters under the headdress. Terry produced another, larger uniform.

“Most comfortable duds a guy can wear. Try them on, Carey. These, and a pair of mocassins, and you’re set for the summer. You don’t catch me in a shirt and pants till Labor Day. I wear what the boys wear. I understand them. They all come to me with their problems-you know what kind of problems I mean, Carey. Boys your age tote a perpetual hard-on. All you think about-is shooting your cream, getting your cock taken care of.”

He accompanied the hectic spiel with a quick strip act. Terry moved fast for a fat man. He was peeled nearly naked before I realized he had his pants off. He wore thin cotton Jockeys like mine. His naked thighs were enormous, hairy, each almost as wide as my body. He kept his socks and his shorts on and pulled the camp T-shirt over his head. When he had smoothed the shirt to his liking, he dropped his Jockeys. His prick popped out in the

open. Rigid. At a slight upward angle, aimed at me. A fat prick. Almost as fat as his thighs. Enormous. Standing erect, blood-red, quivering gently.

Terry raised the camp shorts part way, leaving his prick exposed. Now he spoke calmly. "Why don't you try yours on, Carey?" I couldn't move or stammer an answer. He moved toward me. His hands on the waistband of my Jockeys, his hard dick squashed against me. He pulled down my shorts and this time he touched me. He gripped my cock, murmuring softly, "It's so beautiful." Then he fell to his knees and went down on me.

My cock was in another guy's mouth; My so beautiful cock-and it felt so fucking beautiful. Terry caressed all nine and three-quarter inches. His lips worked them over, over and over. His tongue pressed on the vein till I couldn't hold off any longer. My voice was wrapped in velvet like my buzzer. I whispered: I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!"

The warning only made Terry suck harder.

*I'm gonna cum, ya crazy bastard. I'm gonna shoot my jizz down your throat.* He sucked like he wanted to bring me off, like he wanted me to pop my gun in his mouth. *Okay, mister, if you want it, you're gonna get it.* I was cumming already. I sprayed spunk over his teeth, over his tongue, over his tonsils. He gulped and damn near gulped down my cockhead.

"So beautiful!" Ted's Uncle Terence murmured.

## CHAPTER TWO

Not knowing whether to gloat, pat his head, or apologize, I played it safe. I apologized. “Sorry. I couldn’t help it. Uh-did you swallow the stuff?”

The fat man’s sour glance would have curdled a pudding. But I wasn’t a pudding. I was a stud with a pud nearly ten inches long and I’d just had it sucked by this pervert. “Yes,” he said, sighing, “I swallowed. That way there’s no mess to clean up. Lord how I hate boys!”

“You do?”

Terry nodded. “I hate boys who ask silly questions, but I love boy cock. Note the distinction?”

“Yes, Sir.” I wondered how the pervert felt about boys who loved man cock, Because Terry’s hard whang, apparently forgotten, was still standing up out of his shorts, rigid and lovable. Not quite forgotten. He followed the direction of my lovesick eyes to the target and muttered: “Guess I’ll have to pull off or drag this thing to bed with me.”

I liked the way he said it, as if we were friends like me and his nephew. I walked in his shadow to the bathroom.

“Want something, Carey? Want to watch? Come on, I don’t mind.”

He started to whack his meat. Before long he noticed that it was a three-handed job. Incredulously, he watched my hands in motion. Wistfully, he asked: “You want to pull me off, Carey?” I kept rubbing. “Wait, let me get these goddamn shorts out of the way.” He eased them down over the obstacle.

I wish he hadn’t. Except for the prick itself, Terry had a fucking ugly midriff. He was so fat his thatch came in tiers and his tight balls looked lost on top of the huge thighs. But the prick was a fat, jumbo beauty. Too fat to be handled. Too strong to stand up and submit to having its cream jerked out.

“That feels wonderful. Pull me off, Carey. Go ahead, pinch it under the head. That’s the most sensitive part. Mmmm, squeeze it harder!”

I pulled it, pinched it, squeezed it. Terry began groaning, grotesquely hopping up and down in the throes of jack-off excitement.

I took the plunge at the very last second, the plunge that made me no better than Fatty – a cocksucker. Rubbing the root with one hand, I closed my lips over the swollen top half. The hard strength of his whacker crushed against my teeth. The muscle jumped in me erratically, probing blindly, spending. The fat man started to cum as soon as I gave his rod shelter. His jism was thick and spicy, like the dispenser. I swallowed and could have kept licking forever, but Terry drew away from me.

My first lover! I gazed at him fondly. The sonofabitch seemed disgruntled. “I didn’t know you wanted to do that, Carey,” he said. “You should have told me. Actually, I prefer to have a boy pull me off. After I’ve just sucked his young cock and taken his tribute. It’s the most voluptuous feeling – Er – what are you doing?”

I had his balls in my hand and I used them as an excuse. “I wanna see what they taste like.” Not really. I wasn’t much interested in a standard pair of tight testicles. I was after another lick at his dick now that it hung flaccid. It was delicious.

Terry led me back to the bedroom, playing with my prick and assuring me that I would love camp life. “After we all get to know each other,” he explained, “we have communal sessions. I’ve gone down on as many as two dozen boys in one sitting. My favorites – the boys who’ll pull it for me – do it in relays. Once I came off six times running.”

Twenty-four kids lined up to get their cocks sucked. While the favorites jacked the cocksucker’s goober. Golly! The picture was staggering. Shawan-ga must be Choctaw for Paradise. I reveled in camp life before I left Riverdale. Yet one part of my mind lagged toward the practical. “What about your wife?” I asked Terry.

The cocksucker also revealed a streak of cool practicality. “Alice is a superb cook,” he declared. “A good cook is useful around a boys’ camp. The muff’ll be back soon; we’d better get dressed, Carey.”

We were fully dressed, with our flies open, when the shoppers returned. Terry had just taken my second load – *tribute* as he called it – and I was playing the favorite. I was about to bend down for another fast slide, but

Terry placed his paw over my hand, rubbing furiously till he spurted. I felt Cheated. My palm was sticky with spunk. All the way home I licked it. Dreaming. I'd be at camp soon. Kissing a dozen cocks at one sitting. A dozen for me, a dozen for Fatty. I owed him a lot, I wouldn't try to do him out of his share. Fatty might not like having a competitor on the premises, but he'd never be able to accuse me of gluttony.

Nothing worked out as expected.

My helpful chum Ted was not on the camp-bound bus. I figured he'd drive up in style with the management. I was wrong. I never saw Ted at camp, and I didn't see his Uncle Terence either. Alice, the cocksucker's wife, was very much in evidence. In fact her name was prominently displayed on the mailbox at the camp gate.

SHA-WAN-GA  
Alice Danvers,  
Manager

Her first name covered an erasure. It took little imagination to guess that originally the sign had read: Terence Danvers. Where was Terry? The day we arrived I asked two pimply-faced counselors. They didn't know from nuthin'. Gathering up my courage, I asked Madame Alice. She was obviously embarrassed and goddamn evasive. So I put twelve and twelve together and came up with one helluva mess for Mr. Sha-wan-ga. Twenty-four boys sucked in a single sitting... The camp site suddenly moved from the midwest to New York State... Terry's past must have caught up with him. Those camp deals were state licensed. I supposed they had refused Terry a license. Sha-wan-ga was temporarily run by the missus, and the fat man was legally forbidden to set foot on the camp grounds. So much for expectations!

Reality was about par for the camp course. Without Terry's guiding hand, life in the wilderness ran less smoothly than it might have. Maybe I was the only one who noticed. The other campers had come for diversions like hiking and fishing and swimming. I came to resume where I left off with Terry and to go on from there to orgies, etc. Without Terry, I was stranded. Worse, my fellow campers were midgets. Sha-wan-ga mostly

drew moppets from seven to eleven, unlucky numbers if you dig dong with hair above it. Except for the hard-working counselors, I was the oldest guy in the set-up.

There were about fifty of us altogether. We were herded into tents according to last initial, not age or cock size. Some system! I shared a tent with nine freckled campers who had a decade to go before using a razor. Nine campers and one counselor as tentmates. It took me nearly two full days before I started using the counselor.

On the second morning in captivity, I woke up early. The counselor was standing beside his cot, bone naked, about to hitch up his jeans. He was a fat boy, about two years my senior, and I didn't like him at all. In the pale morning light he bore an uncanny resemblance to the absentee scoutmaster. Pudgy body, juicy red prick. I decided I liked him a little. Just the night before, the youngest kid in the tent had started to bawl after lights out. Even though we all laughed at him, he had begged the counselor to let him share his cot. They'd bunked in together for at least part of the night. The kid had been genuinely homesick, not homosexually oriented. Being you-know-what oriented myself, why shouldn't I come down with a bad case of bogus homesickness?

Most of the day I lolled under an apple tree, trying to picture the contours of the counselor's peter. The guys called me *loner* because I didn't participate in their fucking wholesome activities. The activity I had in mind couldn't be carried out by a loner, not the average loner. Only one stud in ten thousand is able to suck his own jujube.

At night, after a long day under the apple tree, I was restless. I had to sweat it out till only snores were heard in the stillness of the tent. I crept over to the counselor's cot. This is where the loudest snores were coming from. He slept with his mouth open and looked decidedly unlovely. Fuck it! I didn't wanna marry the bastard, I just wanted to blow him. I prodded him awake.

“Wha-Whassa matter? You feel all right?”

“I’m homesick. Lemme in with you.”

“You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Baxter. Big guy like you bawling.”

I blubbered louder.

“Okay, get in. Wait’ll I tell the fellas what a cry baby you are.”

Just wait! I climbed in with him. The cot was so narrow and the counselor was so wide that our bodies touched. He turned on his side, back to me. I started to count up to two hundred by tens and gave up at around forty. Reaching over I touched the front of his pajamas. He had conveniently left the fly button unbuttoned. I stuck my hand in the opening, grazing a broad expanse of bare stomach, his thatch, his butter-soft peter. In the silence, he emitted the phoniest snore on record. The sexiest. That snore was a loud and clear go-ahead signal. I stroked his schlang till it stiffened.

The counselor feigned sleep throughout the performance. I didn’t let his shyness hinder me. I folded down his pajama pants, took his whang in my mouth and sucked it till he spritzed jism like salty seltzer.

He neglected to tell the fellas what a cry baby I was.

The next night he came to get me. He stood at the side of my bunk, his prong making a bulge in his pajamas. I pulled it out, idly masturbating him. “C’mon,” he whispered. The counselor’s cot was set apart from the others. We climbed in together. He must have been awfully tired because he fell asleep instantly. As soon as he transferred his load from his cock to my gullet, he turned to face the wall. The shift in position left his plump ass exposed. I jockeyed my aching dick up and down across the cushy surface. The fat boy interrupted his slumber to warn me: “Don’t try nuthin’, ya little cocksucker.” I didn’t try nuthin’ spectacular. I dry-humped him.

It wasn’t much, but it was enough to keep my tongue active and my prong exercised. I was one of Sha-wan-ga’s most contented campers and by all odds the least sunburned. For three nights in succession I serviced the counselor and I wasn’t tired of him yet! Before the routine grew wearying, we had a change-over. For some reason best known to the management, the counselors were rotated every so often. That made a nice change for both counselors and cocksucker.

Our new squadron leader was lanky, tow-haired, and grumpy. I planned to make my pitch the same night he replaced the fat boy. The cry baby ploy wouldn’t work with Grumpy; I had to resort to bribery. In exchange for a

candy bar and two dejected earthworms, I was permitted to switch bunks with the lad whose cot was the one nearest to the counselor's.

At snore time I made a muffled racket, knocking two scuffed sneakers together. Just enough noise to wake up Grumpy without disturbing the moppets. He woke up and sleepily toddled over.

“What the—? Hey! Don’t do that!”

I had tossed aside the blanket and was busily “beating my buzzer. Of course he enjoyed watching. Even heteros like to see a hang hand-whipped. Wrestling with his counselor conscience, Grumpy stepped closer to whisper wholesome injunctions against masturbation in public. Before he could say much I was feeling his frontal. He was too astounded to protest when I pulled it out to the light. In the tent we always kept a dim lantern burning, enough to see prick by. Grumpy’s prick was long and narrow, equipped with a long jagged overhang. Overhang and all, I went down on it. No wonder the poor guy was grumpy. You’d be grumpy too if you had a week’s accumulation of cream clogging your ramrod. His ramrod was rigid and his cream was out and in me before I could really start chewing.

Dan – formerly known as Grumpy – was more enterprising than the fat one. Maybe he was just hornier. While the other campers were squandering their energies on the playing field, Dan would take me back to the tent. I’d blow him. Ten seconds later we’d be out in the sunshine. Dan always was a fast shooter.

At the beginning of the second week we had a new resident counselor in our tent. Alex was the mature type, a strapping lad bursting out of his jeans and out of his teens simultaneously. He acted as Mrs. Danvers’ chief assistant, and I couldn’t remember ever seeing him when he wasn’t being cheerfully helpful. He even smiled in his sleep. Alex was a heavy sleeper and the easiest score of the trio.

I didn’t bother with prelims or strategy planning. I crept onto his cot and by the time he woke up I had his pajamas undone and his putz nestled under my tongue. It was a small one. A pulpy round head with nothing behind it. Like a doorknob attached to a toothpick. Alex jumped up before his labe had a chance to start jumping. If he had a smile to fit the occasion, it was frozen in astonishment.

“Hey! Do you know what you’re doing?”

He must have thought I was a sleepwalking sucker. Gee, that must be a terrible affliction-sleepwalking!

Alex covered himself, hopped out of bed, and nudged me to follow him. He wanted my services but he wanted the suck job in private. Behind the sleeping tent there was a flimsy lean-to used for storing excess camp gear. Alex ducked in and I followed. It was pitch black inside. In the darkness we faced each other, squaring off for a session. I didn’t hear the familiar rustle of falling pajama pants, yet when I touched him his thighs were bare. His prong stuck out, very short, very thick, fully erected. While I blew him, I felt him up greedily. Fingers locked in the hairy canal separating his asscheeks. I swallowed his spunk and spilled my own over a length of rolled up tarpaulin.

Alex was the first stud who said, “Thank you.” I liked him the best of the bunch despite his shortcomings. He had the shortest, Dan had the longest, the fat boy swung the juiciest melon. Soon I added two fresh cocks to my collection, thanks to some inter-camp gossip. Never knock gossip. Loose talk may tarnish spotty reputations, but there’s nothing like gossip for bringing trade home to deserving cocksuckers.

I assume grumpy Dan and the fat one compared notes and decided to spread the good word to their buddies. Anyway, someone blabbed to the others. As a result, I got gang-raped in a genteel, civilized manner. One after the other, I sucked them all off. One after the other, I took on the entire counselor contingent.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was one of those torrid afternoons in July. Brush fire weather. We all went swimming. Even Mrs. Danvers appeared at the lakeside, swathed in yards of bathing suit that wouldn't give the staunchest het stud a hard-on. I was looking at her and thinking about her poor husband — wherever he was — when the fat counselor called me aside. I knew what he wanted.

He led me straight to the storage shed. Inside, he presented his labe for a licking. Licked, he ordered: "Don't move now. Hear me? You just stay right here."

The heat in the shed warped my toenails. I had no intention of staying while the fat lummox got refreshed and revitalized for a repeat. Before I could disobey orders, however, another counselor entered. I don't remember his name. A skinny kid so young I often mistook him for one of the campers. He said, "Hi, Carey." Before he did anything else, he peered through a tear in the square of canvas that served as a doorway. I took a peek after he did and saw that Dan was patrolling just outside the shed. When I turned the skinny kid was pulling down his swim trunks.

He let them fall to his feet and faced me without speaking. His naked wand hung the usual number of inches, kinda cute, not at all skinny. We each stood our ground in silence. Finally, I asked, "Would you like me to kiss it?" He didn't answer. Some guys simply refuse to pass the time of day with a cocksucker, but I surmised that this kid was just on the shy side. He held it up for me shyly. I blew him.

Skinny staggered out and Dan swaggered in. I gave him the ten-second treatment. Thirty seconds later I welcomed another visitor. He was the fifth and last counselor, a curly-haired, conceited sixteen-year-old.

"So you're the queer in this outfit, huh?"

He unreeled his whacker the hard way, pulling it out through the leg opening of his tight swim trunks. Eureka! The crowning glory of Camp Sha-wan-ga! The undisputed King of the Catskills! A cock most unusually constructed. The shaft was long and thick as a kosher salami, the dill pickle

topping was adequate though not as thick as the rest of it. Graft the head of Alex's schlang on to this one and you'd have a lethal spray gun to nozzle.

After the preview, he shucked his trunks altogether. His pole jutted out hard now. In an appealing little boy voice that clashed with his man-sized erection, he pleaded: "Wouldja suck it?"

Just to keep him guessing, I flicked my tongue over his pisshole. Not sucking, teasing. Teasing the two of us. Two flicks were all my tongue could take without bursting. I was about to capitulate when a scuffle erupted on the other side of the canvas.

"Babbitt's in there giving it to the faggot. C'mon, that oughta be good. Babbitt's hung like a rhino."

I recognized Grumpy's voice. Not envious as it should have been. He sounded exultant, urging his buddies in to witness a cocksucker's punishment. Ignorant studs labor under the delusion that extra-big schmucks punish a cocksucker. Master Babbitt's buzzer was by far the biggest I'd taken, but I knew I could take it. The only way he could punish me would be by ejaculating prematurely. I stopped teasing and went all-out just as my three recent playmates crowded into the shed.

"That's right, Babbitt. Fuck it into him."

"He's not sucking my prick," Babbitt explained. "I'm pissing down his throat." He pulled out to let his buddies see his wet raging hard-on. "This is gonna hurt him. You fellas better hold him down."

*No one's gotta hold me down. I can take it. Please, Babbitt-baby-get rid of these apes. We were getting along fine. Couldn't we just—?*

I didn't say anything, but I guess my lips moved. Babbitt snorted. "The queer's saying his prayers. Better hold him down tight, guys." He slapped his bone against my cheek. "Here's the answer to your prayers, faggot. Nine inches. Suck it!"

He made me work for it. Every inch hurt, every inch slammed into me: Grumpy pinned my arms back, hurting me unnecessarily. I craved freedom of action to love the big-pricked kid up while I did him. The skinny counselor and the fat one were watching, naked, jerking their dicks, maybe jerking each other. I didn't see them too clearly. Mostly, my field of vision

was limited to Babbitt's curly bush. I could see his wet prick sliding in and out as he fucked it into me. He sprayed my parched throat with lumpy cum juice and released me, admitting: "He don't do a bad job, considering." Babbitt seemed to feel that even faint praise bestowed on a donglapper might render him suspect, so he added: "Let's beat the shit outta the faggot."

"Naw," Grumpy Dan grumpled. "I want him to suck me off again."

I got force fed second helpings. Grumpy, Skinny, the tubba. Throughout the action one of them held me down, as if I was planning to run away from the most exciting hour of my life. Throughout the action I kept both eyes centered on Babbitt. What does a het stud do while his buddies are socializing with the cocksucker? First, he takes a piss in the corner. Then he starts whacking his schlang into shape.

Babbitt loved his own whacker, almost as much as I loved it. I could tell the way he stroked it with long, loving strokes, even and soothing, the kind of stroking that soothes the cream out of a melon, leaving the skin flushed, pink, and shiny. When my mouth was free and available, he was twitching, about to shoot. I forgot about the others and pleaded: "Cum in my face!" He hesitated for a minute. I suppose everyone wants to drop his load in someone's face at one time or another. Not this time. He jabbed his dick into me, in as far as it would go and when it couldn't probe any further, he spurted.

"The fag wanted me to jack off on him," Babbitt tattle-taled not quite accurately. "Let's all jack off on him, float him out to the lake."

The prospect was delightful, but one of the killjoys squashed it. "Hey, we'd better get back out there. The motherfuckers'll be drowning all over the place." Pausing only to adjust their clothing, the counselors departed en masse. Without making appointments for future sessions or even warning me to keep my mouth shut except while sucking.

Alex hadn't joined the line-up. He could have me all night in relative comfort, just the two of us among the tarpaulins. Now that I'd had all of them, I still liked Alex best of the group. He was the only one who treated me as more than a machine to provide instant suck jobs. Without any fuss or pleading on my part, he pulled me off a couple of times. I grew up fast

that summer. I had an idea that my hang deserved a better fate than a hand job. When the hand jerking your peter belongs to a handsome stud you've just sucked, it feels kinda good though. I wasn't complaining.

On the day after the storage shed orgy, we went on a hike. Three-fifths of the Sha-wan-ga population, led by three counselors: Grumpy, Babbitt, and Alex. Our destination was Point Lookout, a less secluded part of the lake, where canoes could be rented and all the amenities of civilization were available, including a hot dog stand. Alex and I managed to fall behind the others when we were about halfway to the Point. He knew the terrain better than I did. Leaving the trail, he led me to a cave hidden among bushes and bracken.

Alone in a cave with a he-man! I felt a tingling from my armpits to the pit of my crotch. But Alex sounded about as romantic as a lecture from Uncle Earnest on the perils of smoking.

“Johnny told me what happened yesterday,” he said on a reproachful note that dried up my tingles, cave or no cave.

“Johnny?”

“Johnny Babbitt. About how you took on all the fellas. Willingly.”

*Willingly* was an accusation. I defended myself. “If I wasn’t willing, they woulda mademe. Those guys wanted action,” I explained. “They wanted their cocks sucked.”

“So you sucked them,” Alex said sadly. “You’re a good kid, Carey. You don’t mean any harm, but don’t you see, you’re not normal. You’re homosexual.”

He rolled the dirty word out like it was a curse or something. What did he expect me to do? Apologize? The senior counselor’s advice was real nutty. “When you get home you should see a doctor.” Our family physician? Doc Brennan? I wouldn’t take a slide on the doc’s wrinkled old pipi if it got me elected queen of the maypole.

“If you carry on promiscuously,” Alex continued, “you’ll be talked about. You wouldn’t like that, Carey. Boys can be very unpleasant to homosexuals. Your best bet is treatment from a qualified expert as soon as you leave camp.”

But before I left the woods, Alex demanded treatment from a qualified cock expert. He dropped his Bermuda's and eased my head down over the hump of his hard-on.

“Did they hurt you, Carey? Did Johnny Babbitt hurt you with that bat of his?”

He seemed to expect an answer, so I stopped sucking and reassured him. “None of ‘em hurt me. Honest! Not even Babbitt.”

Alex contemplated his own reddened popsicle, “Johnny could kill a guy with what he’s got. He could kill you if he tried to shove it up your ass.” Alex made murder somehow sound like a refinement of rapture. His voice shook. He had the tingles worse than he’d ever had ‘em. I wished he would stick it in my mouth and cum and crawl outta the cave and lead me back to the others. Couldn’t we have our session out in the open? The cave was kinda creepy.

“Okay, we’ll start back in a second. Just take your shorts off, Carey.” He helped me, coppering feels on both sides. I got a flash of intuition.

*He’s not gonna pull me off. He’s gonna pull an Uncle Terry — he’s gonna blow me!*

Fuck intuition! Alex was rubbing something shiny onto his thumper. It stood up stiff and glistening. He whispered: “Lay down, kid. I want to — I just want to—” His voice broke off abruptly. I felt his finger in my bung. Then he was on top of me, his thick whang flush on my pucker. He opened me up slowly, gently insinuating the round cockhead into me. The quick stab of pain subsided instantly. My muscles relaxed because I loved it. I welcomed each thrust and wished he had more prick to give me. I heaved my ass up to drain every last drop of him into me. I loved the stuffed feeling, the hot surge of cock in me; I loved Alex and the damp cave; I loved being a promiscuous homo. Alex fucked me.

He rolled off and sorta turned over. His keester was solid and muscular. I kneaded the flesh, then I kissed it. On target. I spread the solid cheeks, tonguing the rosy, button-like pucker. My tongue darted into his asshole, deep in. I rimmed him. Alex groaned. With each groan his ass shook. Solid and muscular and totally defenseless. Spread open for a fucking. I shifted position. The groans were coming faster now. Panting. We were both

panting. I centered my cock on his hairy furrow and tried to slam past the pucker.

Alex hurled a one-syllable warning: “Don’t!”

I played my dick up and down over the hot crack, pleading for permission to pierce it. “You can dry-bang me,” Alex conceded, “Don’t try to get in or I’ll kill you.” He was one of those fucking super he-men. Anything short of an actual reaming. It was too late to argue. I fell tight against him, dry-banging. As long as I kept short of the real thing, he cooperated. His bulk writhed in a kind of fuck rhythm, complementing my own frantic heavings. Friction jostled the cream out of my buzzer. With one downward thrust, half in him, I exploded.

My cream oozed out from around the bastard’s butthole. It should have been in him. I felt horny and sweaty and frustrated. Alex looked surly. Walking single file, we joined the party on the hike to Point Lookout.

It began to rain before we sighted the flagpole cresting the Point. Wet weather failed to dampen the campers’ spirits. Some of the canoeing enthusiasts set up a howl, but the refreshment stand was an irresistible lure for hungry hikers. The men’s room nearby reminded everyone to empty his bladder before gorging on soft drinks and hot dogs. Everyone was reminded at the same moment. As senior counselor, Alex should have been up front organizing a semblance of order out of imminent chaos. He seemed apathetic, however, and Babbitt stepped into the role of staff sergeant.

“Hey, you guys! Form a line for the crapper.” The unruly line apparently would include all of us. Babbitt divided the rabble into manageable groups of nine or ten. In turn each group was escorted into the men’s room by one of the leaders. When the last urinal had been flushed or left full and yellowish, we were allowed to demolish the refreshment stand. Everyone was soon munching an underdone hot dog, gulping almost cold pineapple soda. Babbitt decided that a few dozen boys couldn’t do much damage with only a few plastic mustard dispensers as weapons. Then he personally escorted me into the crapper to give me his weapon.

First he motioned to Grumpy. “See that none of the little bastards sneak in, Dan. Fruity and I are gonna be busy. I’ll do the same for you later!”

Inside, he didn't waste time with chatter like Alex. He walked straight to the darkest corner of the room and opened his fly. He took out his prick, jerking it a little to get it going. I thought I was the luckiest kid in America. Alone with a handsome stud with a whopper, and he was gonna let me blow him. Babbitt grinned. "It's all yours. Go to it!" The luckiest kid in the universe. I went to it — till I heard Grumpy at his post holler: "Hey, you can't go in there!"

The intruder shoved his way past the guard. It wasn't one of the little bastards—it was the big sonofabitch, Alex. At the first sound of a scuffle, Babbitt had permitted his prong to slip out of my mouth. At the sight of his colleague, he tried to stuff it back in again.

"What are you doing, Babbitt?"

Babbitt grinned wickedly. "What does it look like? Stand by, Alex, I'm a fast shooter. You're next. Dan'll have to wait."

Alex sounded like a guy making a herculean effort to control his temper and failing. He sputtered. "Do you realize what—? I'll have to report this to Mrs. Danvers." He forcibly pulled Babbitt away from me, grasping him by his shoulder and ramrod. Babbitt shook himself free. He was doing a much better job of controlling himself.

"Fuck you, Goldilocks! Report your asshole! The kid's gonna suck my prick an' if you don't like it, fuck it. This is the *men's* room, g'wan out and wait with the boys." Alex stole away without a murmur.

"That fuckin' queer!" Babbitt mumbled, not meaning me for a change. "Fuckin' queer bastard! Mmm, keep sucking, kid. Play with my balls. Keep sucking!"

I didn't get to do Grumpy. The troop had already started back when we left the tearoom. We had to run to catch up with them. I felt good all over, sore around the bung and the gums, good all over. Except that I was a little troubled about Alex. I never suspected he'd turn out to be a ten-carat killjoy. What got into him? His threat to report to Mrs. Danvers didn't faze me. She'd probably be tickled to hear a report about the suck situation at Sha-wan-ga that didn't cite her husband as number one culprit. But I hated to think that Alex might be mad at me. He hadn't been over-cordial in the crapper, though most of his attention was on Babbitt.

I hiked a little faster than the others and fell in step alongside the senior counselor. He still looked grim. We marched in silence. Off to the firing squad. The sun had come out again and Alex seemed to have come to a decision. Abruptly he resumed his position as leader.

“Let’s take a break, fellas,” he called to the ranks. “Rest up and don’t wander past the incline. The hill’s infested with poison ivy.”

He must have been immune to the weed. When the others were safely dispersed in the opposite direction, Alex dragged me up the incline. I was out, of breath before I realized that we weren’t about to fuck in the heather. Alex had led me back to our morning retreat, the cave. As soon as we entered, he acted as swiftly as Babbitt. He whipped off his Bermudas, pulled mine down, and, standing in front of me, sorta spooned his body against my body, wriggling.

I got the message. My prong was sheathed in his furrow. Alex wasn’t hurling terse warnings. He fell crouching on his hands and knees, spreading his own asscheeks. Somehow he had enough presence of mind to point to the pocket of his discarded shorts. I found the grease and used it. I mounted him. My prick plunged in easily. I reamed him. I didn’t know the first thing about fucking. All I did was shove it into the slot and try to shove deeper. The faster I stroked him, the better my schlang felt. I sailed in and out like lightning, making him groan, making his legs chum, making him grovel.

“Fuck me. Fuck my ass, Carey!”

He didn’t move after I climbed out of the saddle. His big butt surprisingly didn’t look any different. I thought it would be charred to a cinder, battered beyond recognition.

“*Don’t move, Goldilocks! I may want some of that!*”

Well, it was only fair according to the fucking law of averages. Alex walked in on Babbitt, now Babbitt walked in on Alex, Anyone can find his way into a crapper. It must have taken some skill on Babbitt’s part, tracking us through the shrubs to this sheltered retreat. I admired him. He looked so fresh and aggressive planted in the entrance to the cave. Alex, on the other hand, looked fucked and wilted.

Most guys would have taunted: “I’m gonna report you to Mrs. Danvers.” Babbitt skipped all the obvious taunts in favor of one. He

regarded his colleague with loathing and said: “You take it up the ass, huh?” Alex sorta wriggled his fucked butt, letting it speak for itself. Babbitt mumbled under his breath. “Fuckin’ bastard. I oughta” Above the mumble, I heard the whirr of his zipper.

“Fuck my ass, Johnny. Go ahead, ream me.” Gee, in Alex’s place I would have kept my queer mouth shut. There was a dangerous glint in Johnny Babbitt’s eyes, far more dangerous than boy-to-boy taunting. I would have shut up and run like a sonofabitch.

“Want my cock, huh?” The dangerous glint glittered in Babbitt’s voice now. Alex’s answer was curiously succinct and solemn. “I want it,” he admitted in a monotone vibrant enough to make a stalactite quiver. “I’ve always wanted it, Johnny.”

“You’re not a man. You’re a fuckin’ queer like the shrimp here.”

“I’m queer for your cock, Johnny.”

That was Babbitt’s cue to beat up the bastard. Don’t think I wasn’t rooting for the het team. Shit, I was jealous! Alex opened his queer ass for me but he never once said he wanted me, he never trembled with love like he did when he looked up at his Johnny. Babbitt didn’t return the love stare. He glanced down at his hard-on, then became aware that the stalagmite holding its breath in the shadows was the shrimp he’d referred to a minute ago.

“Outta here, Baxter. This is for men only.”

So I got my walking papers. Babbitt was a whiz at clearing the decks for action. Cave or crapper. Whatever kind of action his cock craved at the moment. I left them together and I didn’t have to guess what kind of action the two sorta straight studs were engaged in. I felt let out, abandoned. It would be a helluva summer if my two favorite guys were gonna be wrapped up in each other.

I needn’t have worried. A day or so later Mrs. Danvers checked her account book and realized that I was a free loader. There was no way I could earn my keep as I could with her husband. The summer had hardly started before I got shipped back to Riverdale and Uncle Ernie and Aunt Marsha and hand jobs.

## CHAPTER FOUR

I was old enough to suck a whole crew of counselors. I was mature enough to cornhole a stud four years my senior. At nearly fifteen I was one of the youngest upperclassmen in Riverdale Junior High when school reopened that September.

A short time after classes started I noticed that many of my fellow students were every bit as attractive as summer camp counselors. In fact some of the guys had spent their vacation counseling, though not at Shawan-ga. I looked them over carefully. The total enrollment at RJH was 576. I would have traded 575 and next month's allowance for one go at Billy Joe Carr. BJC was devastating!

When the semester began recruits were sought for the various extracurricular clubs, from debating to javelin-throwing. None of them appealed to me, not even athletics. If you participate in athletics, you get to see uncovered baskets. The hitch is that you're expected to participate. The kind of athletics I excelled in weren't in the official junior high curriculum. No athletics for Carey Baxter! When I heard that Billy Joe intended to try out for the swimming duo, I filed my application.

Billy Joe Carr had reached that dangerous age-approaching sixteen-trapped between baby fat and full-blown manhood. Billy leaned heavily toward the latter. At fifteen-plus he resembled a case of incipient truck-driveritis, He was a big boy, good natured and slow witted, with thick thighs and a well-padded keester. You seldom see faces like Billy's on truck drivers. Wide blue eyes made him look innocent, instead of stubble he sported a dimple. With all those good points going for him, I was dying to see what he had to offer. In a blackout I'd be willing to suck it without seeing it.

All I got was frustration. At the swimming dub try-outs, Billy Joe wore his trunks under his chinos. The sensible rule about showering before entering the pool wasn't in force yet. I saw Billy's bare chest and his bare thighs-nothing that couldn't be guessed at through T-shirt and chinos. Chest, thighs, and bulge under the swim trunks added up to a promising package. Which made it all the more frustrating.

The try-outs weren't a total loss. Billy Joe escaped being molested, but another jock caught my attention. The swimming club coach turned out to be an instructor new to Riverdale. He was a heavy-set guy wearing trunks a couple of sizes too tight for him. Hair thinning on top - and you know what that means. It means a thatch of gigantic proportions in ninety-nine out of ninety-nine thatches. Naturally, my mind focused on Billy Joe while we did our stuff in the pool. Yet the coach, Mr. Miller, kept intruding. He was helpful, too fucking helpful, I decided after a very brief interval. Mr. Miller dived right in with us, "improving our spread," or whatever he called it. I called it groping.

When it was my turn to get instructed, I noticed that Miller's coaching consisted of placing his paw on my crotch, partly under water, discreetly but firmly. The coach soon had his hand, discreetly but even more firmly on a hard-on jutting out from under the water. He couldn't keep it there forever. He went on to the other applicants.

Presently he announced that we'd be informed later whether or not we had made the club. That was the signal for a general exodus. Those of us still in the pool climbed out and started off to get dressed. Billy Joe had left earlier. If I joined the other boys I'd be sure to see a few good-hanging cocks. They weren't likely to go home wearing wet swim trunks. I went along with them, but then I turned back abruptly. Toward the pool. Mr. Miller had vanished.

How's this for a paradox. If Billy Joe was one of that late group, I would have followed him into the locker room. I would have seen his dong and no doubt scored bubkas. Billy Joe, providentially, wasn't among us. I turned away from the locker room. And that's how eventually I won Billy.

First, the coach. I figured he'd probably made tracks for the little office-dressing room at the far end of the pool. I acted quickly. The office was about thirty yards distant as the crow flies. As the crow flies, I jacked it. Good and stiff. Then I opened the door to Miller's office and entered without knocking.

"What the?" He stood in front of a metal locker, still wearing the tight trunks, drying himself with a fluffy white towel. "What do you want, Baxter?"

“I think I have a-a rash. Would you look at it?”

I yanked down my swim trunks. My whang sprang out fully erected. Excitement had kept it perfectly rigid. The coach dropped the towel, staring.

“Wh-where?”

I couldn’t say, “On my belly button.” Some faculty members are awfully shirty about sarcasm. So I said, “On my prick.” I held it up for him, applying prick-swelling pressure just below the swollen head. “It’s sorta itchy. Can you see anything? Feel anything?”

He touched my bone as if it was crawling with rabies. With that touch, he was lost. His fingers crisped, gripping hard, rubbing my rod to the root. I stood my ground, grazing the front of the coach’s wet swim trunks.

“Bastard!” He pushed me till my back hit against the door. “Stand like that. I can’t lock the fucking door,” he growled, and in the same angry tone demanded, “Let me suck it!” On his knees, he took my labe in his mouth.

After he serviced me, it was his turn to stand with his back against the door. I helped him roll his tight trunks down. I knew it! His curly bush was enormous. His prick popped out upright. Short and thick, mushroom-headed. Miller was a groaner. He groaned as he pumped his shaft into me. His cream was a trifle watery. The cocksucker must have been over thirty.

I could see this wasn’t to be an office romance. As soon as the swim coach unloaded, he opened the door and pushed me out through it.

I took the long way home so I could take stock of the situation. My Australian crawl, I decided, was hopeless. I needed coaching, coaching in private. Mr. Miller, our swimming instructor, would probably be happy to give me free lessons. If I asked him nicely, if I kissed his ass for him. For Chrissake! I hadn’t even glimpsed his naked ass when I did him. Where had my eyes been? That mistake would have to be rectified. A guy who packs two hundred pounds like Miller should pack a backside worth glimpsing.

I consulted a pair of directories. The school directory listed the instructor as Douglas G. Miller. There was only one Miller, Douglas G. in the Manhattan telephone directory. I jotted down the address. After classes the next day I waited in the street outside Douglas G.’s apartment house. A

car drove up. Two guys got out—the instructor and another familiar figure. As they disappeared into the building, I placed the other guy. He was also a teacher, he taught Eco. I knew him by sight, I never took Eco or any of that shit. His name was Holmquist, Hurstman, something like that. Holmhurst! That was it, Holmhurst!

Mr. Holmhurst and Mr. Miller. Practically arm in arm together. Chummy together. The economics teacher who once gave my friend Pat O'Hara an F-minus and the swimming instructor who sucked me off in the office. Chummy together, fucking together. Right now, tearing each other's clothes off, mashing their hard cocks together.

For the first time in my life I wrestled with jealousy. A few turns around the block didn't cool me off either. I didn't stray too far because I didn't want to miss Holmhurst's departure. If the prick could ever tear himself away from the cocksucker.

Half an hour later Holmhurst strolled out of the building, whistling. I stormed in, fuming. Miller lived on the ground floor. He opened the door while I was still knocking.

“Forget something, Alvin?”

The cocksucker wasn't even wearing a towel. He was bone naked. And I hadn't caught him coming out of the shower. He was stripped naked, the way his lover had left him. The way Alvin had left him. Ugh! Imagine loving an Alvin! I snarled: “I'm not Alvin!”

“I can see that. Come in anyway. You're er Baxter, aren't you?”

“Carey.”

“Of course. Carey. Would you excuse me a second, Carey?”

Alone for a moment, I sat down and simmered down simultaneously. Who was I to get jealous? A dumb kid sparring with an educated fella like Doug Miller. The coach had been surprised, even dumbfounded, but damn glad to see me. I held on to that thought, caressed it, until Doug padded back into the living room.

He had donned a thin cotton bathrobe. What to wear when a school kid comes visiting. Did he wear it when he tussled with Alvin? Didn't he know he and I were due for a tussle? So what was he hiding his cock for?

“Why don’t you let it hang out, Mr. Miller?”

He laughed, showing strong, even teeth. The laugh didn’t last long. He stood up abruptly. “You know what it looks like. Here—this any better?” He jerked the robe open. His cock wasn’t hanging, it was rapidly rising. For me. I should have felt proud. I felt ornery.

“Did Mr. Holmhurst suck it for you?”

He fell back in his chair and when he showed his teeth it wasn’t in a faggoty smile now. “Hey, what’s all this for? It’s none of your fucking business, Baxter.”

Lofty professor to green-behind-the-ears snotnose. Doug had a point there. What he did with his cock or his tongue was none of my fucking business. Only I knew a trick that would make it my business. No one had taught me. It came by instinct. Boys with ten inches develop razor-sharp instincts. I massaged my crotch.

Doug licked his lips.

I pulled down my zipper, unveiled my whammer, and stared at it lovingly.

“Carey, I—”

I shook him off when he reached for it.

“Sorry, Mr. Miller. I hafta go home now.”

“Please don’t go yet, Carey.” He fell to his knees in front of me. “If it makes any difference to you, Carey, I swear it, Al Holmhurst didn’t touch me. Not that way.”

“How did he touch you?”

“He masturbated me. Jerked me off after I did him.”

We reached out simultaneously, each handling the other’s iron-hard prodder.

“Did he jerk you all the way? Did you cum off in his hand?”

Doug nodded, not proudly.

“Did he cum off in your mouth?”

Doug nodded. "Let me—"

"Open it!"

"Carey, please let me—"

"Open your mouth; cocksucker! You got another guy's cum down there. I wanna see it." He opened his mouth wide. I couldn't see a trace of Al Holmhurst's stale jism, but I sent my prick in to find it. I whang-shipped the swimming instructor. This is for being a cocksucker! This is for sucking another guy's joint! This is because it feels so fucking good!

"Suck it, Doug. Please suck it—I'm cumming!" Doug vacuumed the last drop out of my pissshole.

"You're wonderful, Carey," he said. "Would you like to take a shower?"

"I'd like to suck your prick, Mr. Miller."

We compromised. After I showered we sixty-nined in the bedroom. Later he listened as I phoned Aunt Marsha to tell her a classmate asked me to stay for dinner. That too was a compromise. Actually, Doug had beseeched me to stay for breakfast, for a week, for the winter. He sorta liked boy prick. And he was a very efficient man in a kitchen. I watched him putter around bone naked. His limp dong was so thick it was almost circular. His butt really was circular, huge, with the usual dark dividing line.

Toward the end of the evening I sensed a certain reserve in his manner. Conscience pricking him? If so, my prick clobbered his conscience because before I left he requested a return bout on Saturday. "Come early. Spend the day with me."

Officially I set off on an all-day hike at an early hour on Saturday. Long before noon I had hiked to Doug's apartment. He greeted me naked and didn't bother with a bathrobe this time. He didn't even bother to undress me. He threw himself face down on the bed, spreading his ass open. I kinda deduced what the swimming coach wanted. It was only natural. A rump like his was made for a reaming.

Doug got his wish granted after all. Off and on all winter, I was on him and off him, reaming him.

## CHAPTER FIVE

You don't have to follow a regimen of rigorous training in order to excel at athletics. Maybe once or twice during the winter I tried an abbreviated float in the bathtub. Otherwise, I stuck to hot showers and avoided large bodies of water. Yet when the Riverdale Junior High swimming team won the inter-bore competition, I grabbed first prize.

Coach Miller treated the boys on the winning team to an ice cream parlor wing-ding on a Saturday afternoon after practice. As the club's leading swimmer, Billy Joe Carr was awarded an additional momento to commemorate the occasion. The momento had been carefully chosen by the coach's *ex-officio* advisory committee. Me. Billy Joe's reward for a meritorious breast stroke was a pair of swim trunks. They were appropriate for a young Neptune and just the kind of fancy jockstrap I'd like to see Billy Joe model. Pale blue bikini briefs guaranteed to show a young body off to advantage and guaranteed to show more body than bikini.

Doug conveniently forgot to bring Billy Joe's award with him at-the victory celebration. So after the soda fountain debauchery, the coach suggested that the star swimmer ride home with him to collect the gift. I was stationed in front of Doug's apartment house when they got there.

Any adult who sucks boy prick has to be a good actor. Doug played the scene skillfully. "Carey Baxter! Do you live around here? You know William Carr, don't you?" He gave a quick resume of Billy Joe's achievements, casually mentioning the prize about to be presented, and concluding. "Why don't you come up too, Baxter? Yes, I live right here. In this building."

Billy Joe grinned a trifle uneasily at the reference to *William*. He wasn't the least bit suspicious. What mind he had concentrated on the forthcoming award, not casual encounters.

Doug went to get ice for our soft drinks. I asked Billy Joe if he'd ever tasted the real stuff. "Lotsa times," he boasted. "Once I was stewed good. I had two hookers of Scotch, one after the other. Man!" While Doug made the presentation, I unobtrusively poured a couple of hookers of vodka into

Billy Joe's soft drink. You can't be sure about vodka. To be safe I filled the glass with my own favorite brand of dry gin.

Billy Joe swallowed the lethal mixture gamely. Acting his guts out, Doug murmured: "Oh, by the way, while you're here you may as well see if the trunks fit properly."

Billy Joe wasn't staggering yet. He tore the gift package open. The stretch jersey briefs looked too skimpy to cover a toenail. Billy Joe boomed, "Gee, they're great, Sure, I'll try 'em on." Unhesitatingly, he pulled down his zipper in front of us. This was the kid who wore his swim suit under his pants at the try-outs. There were no bathing trunks worn at this performance. Under his pants he wore cotton Jockeys, and not too clean either. Maybe Billy Joe was ashamed to be caught wearing yesterday's underpants. He dropped them quickly.

Stripped of his shorts, he was husky and hairy, hard-hat handsome. His labia hung long and fleshy, the overhang obscuring all but the skin surrounding his pisshole. His balls had roughly the size, color and texture of sun-dried Valencia oranges. A tangled thatch crested the triangle. I admired his full, hard-packed butt before he hitched up the prize trunks.

"Gosh, they couldn't fit better. You deserve another drink, Billy." I had assumed the role of host. Doug kept quiet. This time he saw me add the vodka. Billy Joe drank it.

"Hey, you should wear 'em higher." I pulled the jersey up in back. Billy was weaving. I got a strong grip on his ass in order to steady him. I was about to suggest that the front needed adjusting, but Billy was really going under. I practically fed him another sip of the cocktail. Billy stumbled. I pushed a chair under him. He sank into it, eyes unfocused, bleary.

Unhappily, Doug murmured: "You'd better lie down for a minute. All this excitement—"

One on each side, we led him into the bedroom and dumped the carcass on the bed. Instantly Billy started snoring. Ignoring Doug's feeble protests, I crouched over the sleeping colossus. I rolled down the pale blue briefs and began to handle Billy Joe's meat. I retracted the oily layer of foreskin. I kissed his bare cock and his balls and turned him over to tongue his asshole.

Doug repeatedly warned me: "He'll come out of it any second."

“Come off it, Douglas! You’d love to suck it for him.”

“No, I wouldn’t, That type never appealed to me. I’d never—”

“You’d love to take it in your mouth and suck it while I screw your fucking ass off.”

“Never!”

Doug persisted in that childish denial till he was snug in bed with us, his pants and shorts down, his lips curled around Billy’s limp peter, and his butt writhing under my lunges. Perversely I wished Billy would wake up and find me fucking the coach. Perversely I decided the cocksucker was having it too good. I made him release Billy’s buzzer, then I banged his ass hard for daring to touch it.

When the coach had been serviced, we jumped off the bed and made ourselves decent. Billy Joe stirred soon after that. I shooed Doug out of his own apartment. “Better leave it to me. I’ll tell him you had an appointment in Brooklyn. I’ll get rid of him—that type never appealed to me. I’ll have him outta the way in an hour, unless I have to call a doctor.”

Doug, the coward, groaned and scooted.

Billy Joe was groggy, unaware of the gin on his breath and apparently unaware of what had happened.

“Where’s Mr. Miller?”

“He had to go out. Got a telegram from his sister in Poughkeepsie. He said you should rest for a while. You stay put, Billy, I’ll get your clothes. When I came in again, I added: “Mr. Miller thinks you over-exerted yourself.”

“Over-exerted my prick!” Billy Joe muttered prophetically. “I feel okay.” He swung his legs over the side of the bed and sat that way for a minute.

“I’ll help you.” Before he could resume muttering, I hurried on. “We’ll just get those trunks off.” *Again.* I rolled the blue briefs down, I laid my palm flat on his whacker. Then I raised my palm, holding his labe aloft between two fingers like pincers. I whistled. “Gee, Billy, you sure have a big one!” The universal compliment. What boy, man, or bull dyke can resist

it? Billy Joe's frown softened into a simper; he was still simpering when I began to stroke his meat rhythmically.

"Gee, Billy, yours is bigger than mine!" That's the second universal compliment and a signal for action. The dykes start measuring their dildoes. Grown men and boys smirk and look superior, while shrewd kids seize the chance to make on the spot comparisons. I unleashed my aching ramrod. It was stiff, but by this time so was Billy Joe's sledgehammer. I rubbed them together. In length, breadth, and general juiciness, mine outranked Billy's. Naturally, I refrained from contradicting myself, and the slightly under the weather swim champ didn't quibble.

"Hey! He'll be coming back!" Billy Joe sounded exactly like Douglas. I answered him as I answered the other-with action. I was holding an erect Billy club now. Throbbing with a hot, young pulse, brimming with the cream of life, all set up for a milking. I hunched over to suck it. We shifted around till I was on my back. Billy Joe straddled me, facing me, already pumping like a trouper. His schlang got the shakes, he sent it in erratically at a speed that makes cream spurt prematurely. I had just time to jab a finger up his bung and kiss his cock on the down thrust when he squirted prematurely.

Billy Joe was pensive after the session. Better pensive than pugnacious. Let him be pensive over the rest of the weekend, then we'd see what would happen when we met in school on Monday.

To the last Billy Joe remained unpredictable. For nearly a week he avoided me, but on Friday he sought me out in the school cafeteria. "C'mon!" He led, I followed. Out of the cafeteria, up to the *top* floor. We weren't supposed to be there without a pass. But technically we weren't supposed to indulge in fellatio either. Billy Joe strode on ahead into the deserted crapper. In the most shadowy corner he opened his fly, giving his prong the one stroke it needed to make it a hard-on.

"Kiss it, cocksucker!"

I didn't like his attitude. I wasn't a machine constructed to service cock in crappers. I was an ex-summer camp mascot and at present the lover of a junior high faculty member. That gave me a certain standing. You don't

stand when you're faced with a firm rigid whacker. You kneel down and grovel. And gobble.

I gobbled. Satisfied, Billy Joe fastened his zipper. He had noted my slight hesitation at the outset, and now he taunted: "You gotta kiss my prick whenever I tell you. I oughta make you suck my balls!" Imaginative hets have been known to devise more painful punishments. Luckily, Billy Joe had no imagination. He had an erratic libido—I didn't see him again till nearly a week had passed.

Billy Joe fell in step alongside me as we left the schoolyard.

I'm hot. Where can we go?"

I had a dinner appointment with Doug Miller. Doug, however, had warned me that he never wanted to see Billy again, except in a swimming pool. At the time I thought the coach was awfully square and conservative. Now I've come to realize that poor Doug had a career to consider. I could be depended upon, but in the long run, chicken and a career don't mix any better than ice cream and mustard. So Doug's convenient apartment was off-limits.

"Gee, Billy, I don't know where we can go." Billy Joe mumbled and muttered, then ordered, "C'mon."

We climbed some of the more exclusive hills of Riverdale, finally stopping at a small private house with a garage. "I wash that guy's car sometimes," Billy explained. "Wait for me." He went in and came out grinning, brandishing a key. We entered the garage. To my inexpert eye the car inside seemed in showroom condition. Billy decided it needed a polishing. "No spray job for this sonofabitch," he grumbled. "We gotta wax it. You take this side."

I applied wax to an already gleaming fender. Billy Joe peered over my shoulder. "Aw, you know how to suck cock better'n you know how to polish." He hunched over the fender, vigorously buffing the part I had polished. I hunched over Billy, vigorously buffing his butt through his chinos.

"Hey, no funny stuff!" He wheeled around, angry. "You're here to kiss my prick. No funny stuff!"

No imagination. He slapped his schlang in my face and made me kiss it. I sucked him off, licking slowly until he began a barrage of fast teenage pumping. Then we finished the waxing, slapdash on one side, meticulous on the other.

There were no further nibbles from Billy till the end of the school week. Once more we started for the top floor crapper. This time one of the teachers stopped us. "Wait for me after class," Billy Joe ordered.

I waited. We walked toward his house. "I can hardly walk," he admitted. "Got a fuckin' bone bangin' against my pants every fuckin' step I take. Feel it. A bone, all right! A boulder. Billy Joe grimaced. "Hurry, ya sonofabitch, I'm gonna shoot off my nuts in my fuckin' pants!"

Emergency! We dashed up I don't know how many flights of stairs to the roof of his house. Billy Joe opened his pants and gingerly pulled out his throbbing erection. I wanted to jack it for him, see him send up a gusher, watch the cream sizzle when it hit the cold tar roof. No funny stuff! Billy pushed my head down till it bounced over his boffer. I sucked him off.

After emergency treatment, Billy Joe was more relaxed than usual. He sat down, keeping his fly open. Risking pneumonia, he rolled his shorts down. "Kiss my balls," he ordered. "G'wan, kiss 'em or I'll wham the fuckin' shit outta ya."

Without apparent alarm, Billy Joe watched his precious testicles disappear into my craw. He didn't seem to notice that I was rubbing his dong and my dong together between nibbles.

"Betcha suck every guy who asks ya," he sneered.

Yeah, not to mention those too shy to bring up the subject.

"I'd like to see you swing on it," Billy continued. "I'd like to see you bust your gut over a big one."

My ambition in a nutshell! A wonderful jack-off fantasy. Billy Joe's soft fleshy hang made a wonderful cushion to jack off on. I beat my prick hard and saw spunk sizzle on Billy's.

He took it as a personal insult, snarling: "Hey! You're not supposed to cum! You're a fuckin' cocksucker!" Snarling, he forced me to lick my jazz off his putz and keep licking till he ejected a mouthful.

Someday I'd have to let Billy Joe see me in action with a more versatile partner. Let him discover that cocksuckers are *always* cumming when they're not sucking. The experience might blow Billy Joe's mind, it might broaden his outlook. He needed lots of broadening. Hot studs are notoriously narrow-minded.

## CHAPTER SIX

I got restless.

I had cum only twice in Billy Joe's presence.

Once when he was out to the count of ten jiggers of vodka, once when I jacked our jocks together on the rooftop. Billy Joe had never volunteered to relieve me, he'd never been enough of a good scout to open his ass for me. I grew a mite tired of Billy.

Doug was a far better scout but older, duller. I never left Doug's with a load in me, yet I seldom left Doug's entirely satisfied. I loved to make him get on his knees and ream him and follow the line from his hips to his shoulders to his head, lolling, snapping back each time I stuffed him. I remembered when he'd taken Billy's joint in his mouth. That had steadied his head fine.

Doug was quick to observe the first signs of boredom. "What's the matter, Carey?"

"Nothing. Only just once"—I parroted Billy Joe's words—"just once I'd like to see you swing on it."

"Shall I get the hall mirror?"

"Not on mine. On another guy's."

"Sorry."

Doug was a nice guy and big-pricked, but old, dull, and stubborn. I didn't insist because it wasn't that important, and because I didn't insist I got what I wanted. The same day he said he was sorry, he said: "Suppose we got out to eat tomorrow, Carey?"

"Okay. I'll come here right from school. No sense—"

"Er—I'll be busy till about six. Why not stop by here at six? Then with luck we can get to the restaurant by midnight."

Very funny. I knew how we'd kill an hour or two before dinner. Doug liked hard dick as an appetizer. But just how many hors d 'oeuvres was the

coach planning to nosch on tomorrow? What would keep him busy from after-school till dinnertime? Athletics instructors don't have papers to grade. There was no swimming club practice scheduled. So, what was it? I'm not the type to ask prying questions, I prefer to see for myself, thanks.

After school I waited outside Doug's apartment house. I was getting to know this piece of sidewalk better than my own bedroom. There was no convenient hiding place. I retreated around the corner-just as Doug arrived with his hors d'oeuvre.

Of course I recognized Doug's colleague from the Eco Department. So he was still carrying on with his Alvin. If you think I was jealous, you don't dig Carey Baxter. I was raging! Not because little Dougie was sucking on the sly. Who doesn't? But here he had the extra prick I asked for to make it a threesome. Had it hot on the griddle and all he could say was, "Sorry." Never trust a guy over thirty, and whatever you do, never trust an outraged chicken.

I stepped into the apartment house a couple of paces behind the lovebirds. Then I fell back for a minute. To give them time to get unwound but not connected. Fifty seconds—fifty-five—sixty. I pounded on the door, the kind of pounding you can't ignore in a Manhattan apartment. Doug opened up grudgingly.

"Yes? What is it? Carey!"

I played it neighborly. "Hi, Mr. Miller. Mom asked if she could borrow a cup of shortening."

I advanced past the foyer. Doug took up the cue without too much hemming and hawing. For the benefit of his bashful friend on the faculty, I wasn't a student at Riverdale Junior High, I was a dumb, innocuous neighbor. As it turned out, Alvin Holmhurst didn't know me from Adam. He stood in the living room, fully dressed except for his jacket. I had a feeling that his zipper had been at half-mast a minute ago and I had a feeling that he resented the interruption. Alvin politely stifled a yawn, too fucking adult to betray his true feelings before small fry.

Doug introduced me as "Carey uh—Lives in the building."

Alvin acknowledged the intro with an impersonal nod. There was a brief, awkward silence, then Doug grunted, "Oh, yes, the shortening. Come

along, Carey.” He went to the kitchen or wherever you keep shortening, whatever that is. I sidled up to Alvin.

If he’d take off his horn rims and put on ten pounds and unlimber, he wouldn’t be too bad. He took off his horn rims and regarded me impersonally. Worse than impersonally. With a distinctly, “What do you wanna be when you grow up?” expression. That’s okay for uncles or old geezers. Alvin wasn’t more than twenty-five or so. He kept on looking like he was on a kind of platform or something. Like he was made out of superior atoms.

*Fuck that shit!* If I ever got caught in his eco course that would be different, but here in Doug’s apartment we were equals. I could bet anything my buzzer was bigger. I bet I knew how to take Master Alvin off his fucking pedestal. It was unfair to Doug but soothing to my young ego. I clutched Alvin’s arm confidently.

“I didn’t really come for shortening. I came for a blow-job. Doug sucks my dick for me.”

Alvin tumbled off his platform and goggled. Doug bustled in bearing a jar filled with some gluey stuff resembling KY, only greasier. “Here’s your shortening. Better hurry, Carey, your mom must be waiting.”

“That’s okay, Mr. Miller. It’s for dad’s dinner. We don’t expect to eat before midnight. I was just telling your friend—”

Alvin was back on his platform. But now he was being superior to his colleague. “The boy was just telling me *everything*.” He turned to me and it was amazing. We were suddenly equals, on the same side of the briar patch. Allies, two pricks against one prick eater, “Look, kid,” he said without condescension, “I know you must be hot. He can’t do us both at the same time. I’d match you for first go, but I have a family to get back to.”

“He can do us both at the same time,” I explained, hating myself a little. “While he goes down on you, I can fuck him.”

Alvin grinned, equal-to-equal. “Fine. I didn’t know he takes it up the ass too. You probably know more about these things than I do. See, I don’t usually frequent cocksuckers. Being a family man. But our cocksucking friend here has been importuning me since I met him.”

If *importuning* meant what I thought it did, Holmhurst was a fucking liar. No stud gets importuned out of his jism. He gets sucked because he likes it, unless he's an out-of-work actor or a prisoner or a merchant seaman.

Doug was pale. He spoke quietly-to Alvin. I'd get spoken to later. "You don't have to stay," he said.

"Sure I'll stay. Couldn't deprive you of your fun, could I?" I was awarded a wink, ally-to-ally. "Come on, kid, let's make him sweat for it."

On his way to the bedroom, Alvin said a lot of uncomplimentary things about cocksuckers. I know I should have been brave and declared myself, but I wouldn't risk breaking up the threesome. Doug acted sensibly. He ignored the aspersions and got ready to serve us.

"Are we stripping off?" Alvin sounded surprised. "Usually I just take it out and make him chew it."

*Gotta get back to your family, huh?* Somehow I had the impression that my loudmouthed ally preferred his blow-jobs in the buff. Both him and the blower. That he wasn't above fondling the cocksucker and jerking the cocksucker's cock for him. Tongue-teasing, promising; hesitating, anything short of actually sucking. Only when they were strictly alone, naturally.

Doug was naked. I dropped my Jockeys. Alvin unbuttoned his shirt in slow motion. While we were waiting, Doug sensibly took my cock in his mouth. Alvin stood over us, watching, breathing sorta hard for a family man, jerking his peter. Of course that meant nothing. Guys on a line-up usually jack their dicks till their turn comes. Even when the line-up is minimal. Doug soon stopped blowing, leaving my whang wet and rigid.

Alvin pursed his lips. "You gonna stick that up his ass? You'll kill him!"

Alvin's turgid thumper wouldn't kill anyone, though it might do appreciable damage to an appreciative cocksucker. It was short and stubby, with a flaming red pisshole. Like a lighted cigar butt.

We jumped Doug simultaneously.

Without mirrors I saw the coach going down on it. Alvin said: "Fuck him hard, kid. Watch me give it to the cocksucker." He threw the meat to him. Doug wasn't sucking fast enough to meet the thrusts without gagging.

Alvin jerked his head back and forth over the pumping hard-on. A stiff cock in his mouth made Doug's bung more vulnerable. I speared deeper than I'd ever speared before. Before, we were lovers. Now the big guy was an animal, stretched on the rack to be fucked by his betters.

"I'm gonna go off! Suck it!" The family man pumped with bone-jarring short jabs. The jabs shook Doug's body, causing his insides to quiver, tingling my whacker with a new thrill friction. I unloaded.

Alvin's wink said, "We sure gave it to him." He put on his shorts and gingerly fingered my bung-slimy pecker. "Christ, I didn't think queers could take boffers like yours, kid! The fruit must have an ass like a twat."

I moved aside. Allies or not, I didn't like the way he spoke about Doug as if Doug was sub-normal as well as abnormal and deaf to the bargain. With a certain cool dignity, the swimming instructor returned to the crapper. I got dressed in my corner.

"Want a drive home, kid?"

"I live in the building," I said, recalling Doug's intro. Even if I'd forgotten I would have refused Alvin's offer, out of a sense of loyalty to poor Douglas. Poor Douglas waltzed in looking slightly aloof and not at all in need of loyalty.

Alvin polished his horn rims. "I have a treat for you. I'm gonna let you kiss it for the road," he promised his colleague.

"It's a short trip to Forest Hills, Holmhurst," Doug observed dryly.

"When I tell a cocksucker to kiss it, I mean kiss it. Take it in your mouth and kiss it, ya fuckin' queer!"

Doug was fresh out of dry comments. He wet his lips and squatted in front of the younger and obediently kissed Alvin's limp prick. I sympathized with Doug but couldn't help siding with his friend. If a stud has parted with his jism, the least we can do is lick his dong for him afterward. If only Alvin's aggressively het line didn't ring false somehow. If only he wouldn't wink at me encouragingly. "Go ahead, kid. Make him kiss yours."

"Can't. Mom's waiting for the shortening."

I fled at that point. From the upper landing, I saw Alvin leave. Then I returned to Doug's apartment, walking warily, wondering what kind of a reception I'd get. Doug was perfectly chipper.

"What now?" he demanded. "A cup of flour?"

I figured he was due for some consolation whether or not he required it. The scene was duly played, but Doug did the consoling. "Of course I'm not angry at you," he said. "Why should I be? I enjoyed this afternoon very much, if anything I'm grateful. Alvin? Well, he does say a lot of things he doesn't mean. He's a bit mixed up, being married and all. But he's rather attractive don't you think?"

Yeah. I thought. I thought—this fruitcake relishes getting plugged while he's obeying cocksucking orders. He wasn't humiliated, he was enraptured. So why waste sympathy? Doug sensed my confusion. He said: "Sometimes I forget how god-awful young you are. You have a lot to learn, Carey."

And he had a lot of juice to give me. The long afternoon had filled his seminal vessels. I spent a fair part of the evening draining them. Expertly draining them. I had nothing to learn about the secret Hindu techniques of dong drainage.

We saw Alvin, frequently. He must have requested Doug to "Have that neighbor kid at your place when I get there." When he got there he didn't do anything to me. Except admire my reach, rub it up sometimes, and issue front-seat directions on how I should twist it into our mutual cum-receptacle.

It was fun. I liked it, Doug liked it. Alvin got so he'd pass a whole hour without mentioning his family in Forest Hills. Still, what we were doing wasn't quite my idea of what a three-way party should be. I experimented-rashly. I added a spoke to the wheel, broke up a couple of friendships, and destroyed a marriage.

All with the best intentions. I brought Billy Joe along with me to hyp up the threesome. Strangely enough, I didn't picture Billy as part of a foursome. I just thought of him as a spare cock to swing on while I was corn holing Douglas. When Alvin went home, I'd give Billy the chance to see me go down on a guy. In fact I was toying with the notion of sorta

combining suck jobs by doing Billy and Doug in tandem. A foolish notion. It left too many variants unaccounted for. Like Billy. And Alvin.

Billy wanted to know only one thing before he agreed to accompany me. “You gonna suck it?” That I could promise. For that we didn’t have to take the subway. I solemnly promised and paid his fare to keep him quiet. But even his dim wit recognized the coach’s apartment house. “Hey, isn’t this where Mr. Miller—?”

“Yeah, this is where. And here’s what you do, Billy.” My instructions weren’t complicated. I told him to walk around the block twice and then walk into Doug’s apartment without knocking. Twice around the block would give the rest of us time to peel down and get matey. Somehow I suspected that if I sprang young Billy on the others while we still had our clothes on the deal would be nipped before it properly started. I left Doug’s door on the latch upon entering. Alvin and Doug were already half stripped. We discarded our undies and were well under way when Billy made his appearance.

“Cocksuckers!”

Billy Joe’s exclamation lacked precision. My inclinations, of course, were no secret, but just then Doug was the only active cocksucker on the premises. Alvin was entirely innocent, on the other end of the blow-job. At the pivotal moment I was pecking around the swimming instructor’s ass with hand, tongue, or ramrod, I can’t for the life of me remember. That was immaterial, irrelevant, and outta Billy Joe’s line of vision from the threshold. The essential point I hadn’t remembered was that Billy, besides being pretty slick on a rooftop, happened to be my classmate at Riverside Junior High. When he wasn’t goofing through Math or cheating on English Lit exams, Billy studied Carpentry, Elementary Spic, and Eco.

*Eco! Ecch!* Billy’s Eco teacher was the guy now getting his cock sucked. In the heat of dramatic discovery, Billy made no distinction between the fellator and whatever the fuck you call the guy who’s getting his cock sucked.

“Holmhurst!” Significantly, he dropped the compulsory Mr. “I always had you figured for a fruit.” Naturally pale, Alvin blanched several shades paler. There was no doubt about it: he recognized Billy and fervently

wished he hadn't. He didn't try to bluster or to stammer denials. Billy didn't give him a chance. Through silted eyes, the outraged scholar confronted the naked professor. Why the venom? Billy Joe wasn't all that anti-homo when we got together. Now he acted like the big-pricked camp counselor, Johnny Babbitt, when Johnny walked in on Alex with his legs up. I thought his rage was directed, like Johnny's, at a fellow het who'd deserted the hetero colors. But Billy Joe's rage was more personal.

"Flunked me last term, didn'cha, cocksucker? F- for the course!" No wonder Holmhurst instantly recognized Billy. Grades below F were rare at Riverdale Junior High. The low mark still rankled apparently. Billy taunted, "Now you're gonna suck my prick, teacher. An' if you don't chew it right, I'm gonna send you to the Principal."

Pandemonium. Alvin cleared his throat but produced only an ineffectual whisper. "That's enough, Carr!" Doug's voice was deeper and his message was basically similar. "Get out of here, William," he ordered. I made a semi-successful effort to blend with the draperies. No one noticed me because Billy Joe had opened his zipper.

"C'mon, you cocksuckers," he said, looking at us each in turn. "Eat it!" His eyes raked Alvin with contempt laced with implied mayhem and blackmail. I got just a swift look including me in the trio. Billy's glance at our unwilling host was almost respectful. Even caught red-handed, a coach doesn't easily fall of his pedestal, and Billy Joe was a sportsman. He brandished his weapon.

"You're all gonna suck it! Who'll start? You, Carey. Show the queers how you do me."

I showed them. Once again Doug proved to be level-headed and efficient in an uncomfortable situation. He made Billy Joe more comfortable by stripping the boy while I blew him. Billy let me suck only to the point of erection. When his cock was rigid, he pushed me away.

"Now you, mister." Billy Joe spooned all his, scorn into the epithet *mister*. Jabbing his hard dick into the family man's face served merely as emphasis. Alvin sputtered and I expected piteous pleas for mercy. But Billy Joe carried a weapon more potent than blackmail. "Now you, mister!" He

propelled his prong on vaseline with the professor's sputtering lips. Alvin meekly opened his mouth and joined the fraternity.

Billy Joe knew only that his cock never had it so good. The cocksucker working on him could take a pounding and keep licking. Doug and I knew better. We exchanged glances, gauging our new colleague's stamina, admiring his skill as a novice, and knowing that from now on Alvin's family would include all boys with big suckable dicks who'd let him!

Billy Joe had unloaded. Alvin kept sucking. Billy Joe disengaged himself with an inelegant mumble. "I shot my cum. Whaddya wanna chew my cock off?" Alvin gently massaged Billy's thighs, hips and testicles.

"Lessee ya go down on the cocksucker." Obeying his master, Alvin went down on me. If I had been masterful, he would have done this long ago. It felt good having him do the blowing, but since things were already topsy-turvy I was sorta holding my fire till Billy Joe turned passive—if ever.

"Now do him."

Billy didn't refer to Doug by name or epithet.

In the general upheaval, the coach suddenly resembled the swimmer, happily thrusting his pole at a reluctant cocksucker. This time Alvin gave full vent to piteous pleas, squirming, the whole *No, please don't make me!* routine which is never effective when you have a determined dong jostling for entry. Billy clobbered Alvin's resistance by fingering the weapon more potent than blackmail.

"Snap it up, queero. When you're finished with him, I may let ya do me."

At close quarters, he watched the coach mouth-fuck Alvin. He nodded approval at the unmistakable signs that Doug was cumming. Apparently Billy preferred to consider that he was still on Doug Miller's team, Studs vs. Cocksuckers. I hated to shatter the kid's illusions, but the afternoon's blowing had parboiled my ramrod. When Doug had scattered spunk down Al's drainpipe, I opened the swimming coach's keester and plugged it.

Billy wasn't aware that studs - cocksucking studs-appreciate a prick up the ass after action. He stared, flabbergasted, open-mouthed, fast-breathing,

slow-witted. It took him a long moment to get used to the sight of two guys rutting, and it took him another long moment to get his cock into Alvin. I was riding Doug hard and not really looking, but a series of anguished howls from the next pillow suggested that Billy hadn't paused to lather his labe with KY. As the two long moments ended, Alvin lay helpless, impaled by Billy Joe's cudgel, getting fucked side by side with his fellow faculty member.

Later, Alvin pretended we were deaf, dumb, and invisible. He courted the blackmailer, sorta belated after-fuck cruising. Pawing him, pinching his biceps, protesting undying devotion. Billy Joe lapped up the loving, trying not to look sheepish. I never dreamed that the kid craved more affection than a tongue could give him. He was certainly permitting Alvin plenty of liberties, *funny stuff*, including a leisurely rimming. Billy kept Al on the hook for a minute before succumbing to the teacher's requests upon parting. Yeah, he'd see him on Saturday. Yeah, he'd accept a ride home. Yeah, he could go for a soda on the way and for a session before starting.

They went into their session. Doug and I retired to the kitchen. The day had been a triumph for Doug, he finally drew a reciprocation job out of Alvin's. Like most triumphs, Doug's wasn't all roses. He'd won a blow-job, but he sorta lost me. I felt different about him. No particular reason. It just struck me that a guy who'll let a kid screw him in front of a student is no better than Alvin Holmhurst.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

About that time my Uncle Ernest had a streak of luck. Either at poker or at one of the eighteen off-track betting emporiums he patronized. Like a true gambler, Ernest was cagey about details. The amount of loot involved remained a secret, but I knew it must be substantial. Little clues added up to heavy sugar. For instance, he took a permanent leave of absence from his job in order to devote more time to his “hobbies.” At first he lost his undershirt, and Aunt Marsha had to whip up tasty dinners out of a slim can of tuna fish. Then Unc was all smiles again, flashing a grin, a new signet ring, and chunky solid gold cuff links. A gambler’s smile tells you nothing, but when he goes all out, on cuff links you can bet he’s been winning.

The sweet smell of success made a new man out of Uncle Ernest. Appurtenances belonging to the old life were discarded. He hurled his alarm clock out of the window and slept till noon every weekday, later on Sundays. His wide belt with the tarnished brass buckle went into the trashcan. He kept his chic tapered slacks up with a strip of pale burnished leather discreetly marked: *Giannini-Roma*. Dowdy six-packs were banished from the refrigerator. He developed a taste for rare Scotch whiskey and selected brands of bonded bourbon.

Soon after the big change, now that Uncle Ernest wiped his ass with the budget, Aunt Marsha splurged on her first trip since her honeymoon. She traveled solo. Ernest begged off, pleading pressing engagements. The ponies were running at Aqueduct and at Yonkers Raceway; it was his busy season. Marsha graciously agreed not to interfere with her husband’s business commitments. She planned to be away for three or four days, and she left us enough prepared food to last till Yom Kippur. The night she started on her mini-vacation I woke up to the din of a deafening crash in the hallway. Uncle Ernest celebrating.

The next day was Friday, and I felt like celebrating. It promised to be a long, lovely weekend. My favorite swimming instructor had orchestra seats for the latest hit musical. We were going to eat at his place before show time. Doug was probably at home now deveining the shrimp, spicing the

marinara, and unwrapping a fresh tube of KY. A good dinner, a good show, a good fuck. Three pleasurable prospects to juice up a weekend.

When I trotted home from school the apartment seemed unnaturally quiet. I missed the goddamn homey clatter of Aunt Marsha banging saucepans around the kitchen. But I didn't miss it too much. Living with a cunt hampers a guy. Even a well-meaning motherly twat like my Aunt Marsha. It was good to be alone. I dropped my duds in my room, then padded off to the shower. Without Auntie Cunt cluttering up the place, I could go from one room to another naked, bare cock swinging. Free like.

I celebrated the long weekend of freedom by yodeling as I lathered my bush hairs. At best I'm an amateur yodeler. By the time I reached the second Swiss chorus, I was already using the towel. Still damp here and there, I stepped out into the short passageway leading to the bedrooms.

Uncle Ernest was slouched in the doorway of his bedroom. He pulled the string to put on the light in the passage.

“Carey? I wondered who the fuck it was. Heard the water running, then that god-awful racket.”

He was wearing his pajama pants and a sleepy scowl, My yodeling must have interfered with his snoring. I looked at my uncle and for the first time in my life I caught a glimpse of the stud I'd been living with. His oily black hair was tousled, unruly. He needed a shave. His dark eyes were slightly bloodshot. He looked husky and strapping but not clumsily over-upholstered like Terry Danvers. Powerful. His shoulders and his chest, matted with jet black hair, came on taut, firm muscled, powerful. The cotton pajama pants rode halfway up his calves, and they too were powerful and hairy. More hair, a concentrated mat, could be seen through the wide opening of his pants, above the one button.

A stud. A fucking dreamy stud roaming my own fucking hallway, and me on the primp to go out and ream a frigging swim instructor! Who says uncles can't be desirable numbers? Some of the prime beef cruising midtown must be uncles. Some lucky kid's uncle. If I happened to be one of the lucky kids, what should I do? Resign from the meat rack? Take up crocheting?

I stared at his salient good points before I realized that he was staring back just as intently. I was bare ass. Ernie's slightly bloodshot eyes focused on my uncovered jujube. I couldn't control it. It was lengthening and coming up now. All the way up. Rigid. We stood motionless.

Uncle Ernest lurched forward. "Looka the cock on the kid!" He crunched his fingers tightly over my bone. "You have a mean handful of cock there!" I had the cock, he had the handful. He forced out a laugh, then he released me. He patted my ass, a tender pat that might be considered avuncular if there were a couple of layers of clothes between his paw and my pucker. Drawing a quick breath, he said: "Be a good kid, Carey. Pour me a shot. The bottle's in my room, on the bureau. I gotta take a leak."

Passing me on his way to the crapper, he reached in and pulled out his peter. I got a glimpse-of the rosy tip, half covered by his clenched fingers. Humming a yodel, I went to get the whiskey. I could hear him in the bathroom. I'd seen him naked more than once, on trips to the beach years ago. Before a dick meant anything to me. I couldn't really remember. But the glimpse I just had was intriguing, a shy invitation linked with the whiskey. I would find the booze and Uncle Ernest would find me in his bedroom. Aunt Marsha was my late mother's sister, so Ernie wasn't a blood relation. If we fucked around, would that constitute legal incest? Or is all incest illegal? Not that it mattered. I wanted him. If he was the janitor or my father or my long-lost twin brother, I wanted him. I knew that I'd have him.

A bottle of Scotch and an aluminum tumbler stood side by side on his bureau. Without pausing to think, I scooped them up and dashed down the hall to my room. The bed was unmade. I climbed in, lying on my side, my stiff prick stretching flat against the sheet. I was still holding the bottle. I treated myself to a quick sip, setting the tumbler on the night table.

"Hey, where the fuck are you? Oh, in here? Thanks, kid." Ernie downed what was left in the tumbler. I kept my eyes shut, making it easier for him. He said, "All tired out, huh?" I heard him pour another shot, gulp it.

"You got the right idea, kid. An afternoon nap never hurt nobody." He spoke half to himself, but he couldn't have imagined I was sleeping. Not with that hard-on jumping. Tentatively, I opened my eyes, just a sliver. Ernie stood poised at the edge of the bed and probably didn't suspect I was watching him. He was silently inspecting the flesh to the south of my torso.

Slowly he untied the string on his pajama pants. I saw them slide to the floor, saw his thick thighs and his powerful belly. His huge hang, red and rising. Flaccid, not quite flaccid, rising, the crown like a pulpy tomato.

I closed my eyes. Ernie circled the bed so that he could get in from the other side without disturbing me. Damn considerate of him. The springs sagged under his weight. He lay still for a minute. Then I felt his hand—both hands—on my keester. While he pawed me, he chanted: “Big handful of cock on the kid! Almost as big as his uncle!” I felt the round head of his whacker jammed up against me.

“This won’t hurt you, Carey. Wait a second.” He pushed me flat on my stomach. Now he was astride me, one knee pressing on each side of me. He reached over to the night table where he had prudently placed a jar of Vaseline. I turned my head and saw him apply the grease to his thickened, throbbing ramrod.

“This won’t hurt you. I’m just gonna rub it up against you—I’m gonna cum in a minute—I’m gonna fuck you easy.”

Lies, every one of them! He fucked me hard, mean heavy fucking. It hurt like a sonofabitch. He took his time cumming. The greased swollen crown tore into me, the full length of the shaft shattered its way past my pucker. He crammed his muscle into me. In to the hilt, his balls banging against my asscheeks. He kept his dong planted in me, stuffing me, making me plead for a merciful reaming. I writhed, shaking my hips to get him going. Once he started fucking, that poker would slaughter me. A weapon like Ernie’s lacerates boy flesh, punishes, slaughters. I begged to be slaughtered. I begged for prick action.

“Fuck me. Please fuck me!”

I know he was grinning. Abruptly, he started moving, plunging, withdrawing, plugging. Steadily, erratically. Slowly, frenetically. I was reamed by a master.

Later Uncle Ernie lay back in an after-fuck torpor. “Don’t tell anyone, you little bastard,” he warned me.

Who was I apt to tell? Cousin Gussie? I had more important matters under consideration than snitching. I grasped my uncle’s shriveled schlang, trying to work it into shape for another session. Cursing all the years I’d

wasted, I roamed from his prong to his loose-swinging testicles, down and under, under the hot crotch, up to his asshole.

Uncle Ernie misinterpreted my rovings. After I refilled the tumbler and watched him empty it, he grumbled: “You won’t rest till you fuck me up the ass, willya? Okay, but go easy, you little bastard.”

He turned over heavily, presenting his ass to me. An acre of rough-textured rump, fleshy and hairy, wider than Doug’s, delectable. I greased up, mounted him slid my pole up the length of his furrow. Ernie twitched impatiently. “Stop that fuckin’ tickling: If you’re gonna fuck it, fuck it!” I fucked it, and before the shock waves receded, I rimmed it.

We fell asleep. When I woke up in the dark I groped for the butter soft rod and sucked it. The blow-job awakened Uncle Ernie. He charged into action, treating my mouth like a bung. Once his thumper was in it, it was meant to be banged and banged without mercy. If your front teeth smashed or your tongue twisted or you got your jaw dislocated, too fucking bad! Those are gamblers’ risks in the serious game of sucking. Dainty lickers of labe would abhor him, but to a dedicated eater of stiff man-cock, Uncle Ernie was rapture.

And he turned over with a minimum of grumbling.

“Shit!” he exclaimed as the juice flowed, concluding our second incestuous session. “I have an appointment.” He flicked a washcloth over his butthole, dressed, and was out of the apartment before I could yank down his zipper for a farewell nip.

I dialed Doug’s number, rehearsing plausible excuses. No answer. Doug had either gone out on his own or he was sitting there, sulking. Screw him! The swimming instructor belonged to the dim past already.

Early the next morning Uncle Ernie staggered back to his doting nephew. I hurried out to meet him and, not wasting my breath on superfluous greetings, I had his prong in my mouth before he replaced his key ring. Staggering drunk, he damn near toppled over me. He laughed, mumbling incoherently. Teetering, his whang wobbling, he allowed me to drag him into the bedroom and tear his clothes off. I sucked his big red prick, but he couldn’t produce. He drifted off to sleep muttering: “Suck it!”

Naked, unconscious, he was all mine, helpless. I could have done anything to him. Set his bush on fire, bite off his balls, chew on his toenails. My desires remained normal, however. I nuzzled his chunky testicles falling especially hard for the low-hanger. I pried his pisshole open and blew into it —a kinda dry hump among blow-jobs. I pinched the flesh of his calves, his thighs, and his ass, exulting at the white marks I left. I ate his, ass, every inch of the crack, deep, deep in his bung. Then I reamed it.

Ernie stirred when I mounted him. He muttered thickly: “Suck it!” I slammed my hard thumper into him brutally. Rode his asshole like an animal. Cork-screwed my cock into his tight cavern. Battered him down when he bucked for more of it. Flooded the decks with scalding hot jism. I rolled off and gently kissed him flush on the lips. There was no risk involved, Ernie was snoring.

We devoted the weekend to eating, sleeping, and screwing.

By mutual consent the weekend was extended to include Monday. I played hookey with and in Uncle Ernie. That night we drove to the airport to meet Aunt Marsha.

The honeymoon couldn’t be over so quickly. I’d postponed thinking about it till it was time to start for the airport. Then realization swept over me in icy currents. Aunt Quim would be back, Ernie and I would be strangers, uncle and nephew. I fell to my knees, pleading. “Just once more! Lemme—”

His prick was warm in my hand, it had no chance to cool off since Saturday. I tongued the vein, but Ernie pulled back, relentless. “You crazy? C’mon, kid, we were late an hour ago.”

Of course Uncle Ernie liked it both ways. The bi set don’t have feelings like we do. AC-DC weakens the current. If they don’t make it one way, they make do with the other. But in the taxi on the way to the airport, Ernie took my hand and placed it over his basket. Over the bulge of his hard-on. So I wasn’t the only one sad and regretful. That consolation didn’t cheer me up no how.

The weeks that followed were torture. Ernie wouldn’t let me get within a yard of his fly when his wife was in residence. Even on the rare times she left us alone, he remained unapproachable. Worse yet, he began to make

like a guardian, watching over me, demanding to know where I went, who with, and why. Insisting that wherever I went I should be home early and in bed—my bed—by a reasonable hour. Denied the cock I craved, I couldn't cruise for a replacement.

Only once Ernie broke the fast. In the middle of the night he crept into my room and into me. We fucked, sucked, and dallied without let-up for two frantic, furtive hours. Those two hours had to last for what seemed like a lifetime.

I expected to wither away, gray-haired, exhausted by frustration before my sweet sixteenth fucking birthday. But under Ernie's shaggy exterior, a devious mind worked overtime. He came up with a magnificent solution. A solution triggered by a hungry hang and an itchy butthole. Financed by a fat bankroll abruptly, Uncle Ernie revealed our salvation.

“You’re going to camp this summer,” he announced.

*Not again!* My overloaded heart sank.

“At least your aunt is gonna think so,” Ernie went on enigmatically. “She’ll think you’re at camp, but you’ll be right here in town. Where I can get at you. We’re gonna have ourselves a summer, kid.”

I hugged him. If Aunt Cunt walked in and saw the display of affection, fuck her! Uncle Ernie was my uncle. A nephew is supposed to love his uncle, right? I loved him. Every juicy inch of him.

All summer I’d love him.

Uncle Ernie held all the cards, a royal flush any way you looked at it. Officially, I would be summering at a boys’ camp up in the mountains. Not Camp Sha-wan-ga. Actually, my habitat would be a cozy furnished apartment in the groovy West 40’s. A love nest.

Yeah, I know, lotsa kids get fucked by their uncles. But how many are kept, in luxury, in a love nest?

Jackpot!

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Ernie in a love nest was subtly different from Ernie in his own home. My uncle branched out as a generous provider, a demonstrative lover, a cocksucker.

He sucked my cock at our intimate housewarming.

Before taking the plunge Ernie lay back in bed with me, fondling but not fucking. It was one of those relaxed, quiet moments that usually follow rather than precede a session. An appropriate time to ask a question that had bugged me since Ernie first buggered me.

I stated it bluntly: “Did you ever—I mean—am I the first or did you —?”

“Did I ever fuck a guy?” Ernie snorted.

“Whaddya think? I was in the air force, wasn’t I? I had a buddy. Hal Jenkins. They don’t come any better than Hal.” He paused and looked pensive.

I prompted: “You and Hal fucked each other?”

“What are we supposed to do on base? Jack it? Sure, we gave it to each other up the ass. Hal was a mountaineer from the hills of Kentucky. None of the big city shine on that boy. He was clean-cut and honest and round-the-clock horny. He had a big soft white ass on him and he wanted big prick in it. I fucked him every fucking night, and when I rolled off, he shoved it into me.”

Ernie looked so pensive I felt I was intruding, yet I had to probe for supplementary details. “Did Hal ever go down on you?”

Ernie grimaced. “Never.” The grimace softened into a grin as he explained: “I wouldn’t have said no to him, but buddies don’t suck each other’s prick, Carey.” They don’t, huh? Maybe they don’t in the fucked-up air force. Maybe that’s why we have a new missile crisis every twenty-four hours.

“Hal never sucked my prick and he never asked me to blow him. We uh - we used this kid Gino. He was always hanging around, his mother worked in the canteen. Hal got friendly with Gino. He introduced me. The kid would suck us both off for a couple of dollars. Greedy little wop, he didn’t even swallow the stuff. He’d do Hal, then he’d do me, and he’d spit out our loads on the same fucking snot rag.”

“Hal never did you?” I persisted.

Ernie shook his head. “I wanted him to. I liked Hal a lot—more than I’ve ever liked anyone. Some things buddies just don’t do, some things they don’t even talk about. I never hinted that Hal should give me a blow-job. He never once asked me to take a slide on his *whopper*.”

Implying that Sgt. Ernest might have slid if requested. His use of the word *whopper* to describe his buddy’s equipment supplied the last detail I cared about. Just to be sociable, I inquired: “Do you ever see your friend Hal these days?”

Ernie shook his head again. “Hal got his discharge just before I did. He headed back to Kentucky. A day or so later I ran into Gino. Shit, I was hot for anything. I let him eat it. I don’t know what made me do it, Carey, I didn’t even like the little fag. But while he was blowing I rubbed his dick up hard. I shot my wad an’ I kept rubbing. Gino sorta winked at me.

““You gonna suck me off like Sgt. Jenkins usta?””

““What are you talking about, faggo?””

““Your buddy, Sgt. Jenkins. Every time I saw him alone he’d take my dong in his mouth and suck it.””

““You’re a fuckin’ liar!” I wallop him one. The kid started bawling. ‘I’m not a liar. Please! You’re hurting me! Please.’ The wallop didn’t break any bones but I had the kid’s dick in a death squeeze. The dick Hal had gone down on. The dick my buddy had tasted. It was redder than red-blotchy purple. Ready to pop out its goo in my hand like it popped down Hal’s throat. I gripped the sonofabitch harder. Gino was moaning, kinda strangling as it I was choking him. Little drops of spunk were oozing out of his pisshole. I wrapped my lips around it. I sucked it. I swallowed the fuckin’ cocksucker’s jism.”

“And gave up the practice forever afterward because that particular cocksucker didn’t happen to be Hal Jenkins.”

Ernie had my cock in a death squeeze. If he was gonna maul every labe that didn’t belong to his air force lover, I’d wind up castrated. I moaned and bit my tongue and whispered, “Did you go to Kentucky?”

Uncle Ernie sounded matter of fact. The wave of nostalgia had receded, maybe faded for always. “Nope,” he said. “I hopped it straight to New York. To you, Carey.”

On that sentimental note, Ernie relaxed the death grip and swooped down to gnaw at my vitals. He had no finesse, no technique, no sentiment at all when his jaw was distended by boy prick. He raked the skin with his teeth, chomped on it, bit it. In order to survive with my nuts intact, I shoved past his teeth, pumping deeper and deeper into him. He looked wanton and vulnerable. Uncle Ernie—hairy he-man—impaled by ten inches of kid whang on the wing. This deal made us more than buddies. This made us equals. I sprayed hot cum into him and closed my mouth over his bone just in time to catch his load. In the future we’d sixty-nine like civilized people.

We sixty-nined in comfort. Ernie sprinkled luxuries around the nest: the downiest foam rubber mattress, French Vaseline, a wafer-thin wristwatch for me, and a matching ring that weighed down my pinkie. Clothes, expensive knickknacks, and more clothes. He was cleaning up at the track, he could afford it. He paid all the bills and every time I saw him he slipped me a fifty “for expenses.”

What expenses? Except for food, I didn’t spend a nickel. I didn’t do a fucking thing for weeks except hang around waiting for Ernie. If he had no pressing engagement at the races, he’d arrive about noon and stay till dinnertime. That gave us six or seven hours for screwing. Know how many times two healthy studs can cum in six hours? Sometimes after he left I’d forget about dinner and crawl back to bed till morning. That cut down on the food bill. How Ernie got home was his own problem.

I loved the novelty of being independent. Going to bed early because you’re all fucked out isn’t quite the same as going to bed early because your aunt tells you it’s bedtime. I hardly ever thought about Doug and the others. In my uncle’s capable hands I felt secure and protected, in his powerful

body I found complete fulfillment. July whizzed by in a succession of rapturous noon to dinnertime visits.

August was a ballbreaker. The temperature hit 90° on the 2nd and climbed steadily. I toyed with the notion of stealing an afternoon at Coney Island, Jones Beach, or Rockaway. Any spot where I could let an ocean breeze fan me while I cruised strange prick just for the hell of it. Uncle Ernie would notice a suntan and he might get cranky. I stayed put in the love nest.

A smidgen of boredom slipped into the honeymoon summer. There was no one to talk to. Except Uncle Ernie. At his best Ernie was somewhat less than scintillating. On bad days he averaged a word and a half an hour. “Hello Carey—suck it—get a towel—see you tomorrow.”

I needed outside contacts, even casual no-sex encounters, just to keep my vocal chords from rusting. About the only folks I spoke to in the building were a couple who lived on my floor. Young marrieds. I carried some groceries up for her once. She invited me to drop in for coffee whenever I wanted, any time her husband was home. I liked the way she underlined that last part. Showed she wasn’t on the make—or her tastes didn’t run to boy prong.

Soon after Rhoda Hunt extended the invitation, I dropped in for that free cup of coffee. Rhoda was petite, birdlike, vivacious. Her brand-new husband, Roger, resembled a fullback on the fumble. He was big, blond, slow-moving, puppy dog friendly. I liked the two of them. They were cordial without overdoing it and casual without bringing on the vice squad. Their apartment was cluttered with half-finished copper etchings Rhoda had started when she was on an artsy-craftsy binge. And condoms and paperbacks and cocktail snacks and limitless cups of strong coffee. I began dropping in often because I was lonely and the Hunts were good company.

Since this was a platonic no-sex relationship, I made no overtures. It took about ten days before I got to see Roger’s ramrod.

I have Rhoda to thank for that privilege. There’s a moral to it: if you don’t push too hard, opportunities come knocking. And don’t forget the corollary: never knock before entering.

On opportunity night I dropped in for my usual visit. Rhoda opened the door, obviously dressed for more than a coffee klatch. She explained they were-going to the theater. "Roger worked late. He's getting dressed." Rhoda patted her upsweep, unaware of my upsurge of interest. "I wish you'd tell him to hurry." *Yes, ma'am!* I sauntered into their bedroom.

Roger was standing in the middle of the little room, an island of naked stud in a sea of clutter, Nude, in the act of donning his T-shirt. With the T-shirt over his head, for a few seconds he didn't see me, but I saw the essential Roger, including his uncovered T-bone. What there was of it. Under a tangled thatch of blond hair, it hung where his freckled thighs met a rosy little pecker. Roger smoothed down his T-shirt, winked, and hitched up his underpants. "Tell her I heard her," he said. "I'll be all set and waiting before she smears on the mascara."

I'd wondered about my neighbor. Now I knew.

Roger Hunt had a schmeckle. Nu? What Ernie was giving me was worth double no matter how you measured it. Still, the schmeckle was kinda cute if you put aside the tape measure. I hated to think of it wasted on pussy, even on a friendly, unoffending twat like Rhoda.

Soon after I walked in on Roger with his pants down, the Hunts asked me to do them a favor. Rhoda's mother was coming to New York for a brief visit, Roger told me. "It's either your place or the Y -" My place and the Y were practically synonymous when Uncle Ernie was in residence. Roger wasn't being bitchy, however. He went on appealingly: "Could I bunk in with you? Just for a night or two?"

"Sure. Anytime." Who could refuse an appeal from an oversized puppy?"

Rhoda's mother was vague about dates, so they weren't sure when to expect the old witch. I more or less forgot about my future houseguest. When a guy asks if he can sleep with you—and he looks up from nuzzling his wife's earlobes in order to ask—you don't hold your breath till the great day. Not if he totes an undersized schmeckle. I figured the best I could hope to get out of it would be a fast slide, followed by curses, the end of free coffee, and maybe a clout on the jaw to remember him by. The puppy dog type is apt to turn vicious without provocation.

I had bigger things to think about. My uncle was moving into the big time, really shoveling in the coin. He dispensed the loot liberally. I donated my piggy bank to charity and opened a checking account. Success went to Ernie's boffer. It bubbled over.

One memorable Sunday we reached a peak and kept peaking long past sundown. The night before Ernie had made a killing. In bed with me he made another one. My favorite uncle slammed into me so brutally that even though I was used to his weapon, he had me, legs churning, pleading for mercy. And a reprise. When my turn came, I fucked in a frenzy. After we sixty-nined, we tongue-spooned jism into each other's mouth. When he could talk, Ernie talked wildly about divorcing Aunt Marsha, taking me to Vegas, loving me. It was that kind of session.

Toward nightfall Ernie simmered down and screwed me twice in succession. Slow, loving screwing. Dreamy. In a haze I heard him whisper, "See you tomorrow." I was asleep before the door closed. I dreamed of continued remorseless banging and woke up to the clamor of continued relentless knocking.

Roger.

## CHAPTER NINE

Uncle Ernie must have passed Roger's mother-in-law in the corridor. I had a houseguest. Ho-hum.

I couldn't put much pizazz into my "Hi, Roger." After a long day in, on, and under Ernie, I felt like an eel left out in the desert. Drained, deveined, picked by vultures. The big blond thought I was feeling under the weather. "Just tired," I mumbled. This was the first time I had ever shared a bed without curiosity. I crawled back between the sheets and told Roger Hunt to make himself at home.

"Guess I'll hit the hay too," he murmured.

He hit it with the usual noises. The toilet flushing, a shoe falling, the creak of the mattress. I was wide awake instantly. A stud getting into bed beside you is a leading cause of insomnia. Ask any doctor. Even if you're all fucked out, you'll respond to it. If you don't, forget about doctors. Rush to the Emergency Room.

Roger had left the light on in the bathroom. He was naked. The steady movements of his hand could only mean that he was pulling his meat in the semi-darkness. Slowly, without really trying to hide it. I was beginning to tingle, but I kept my distance. Roger spoke very softly. "I'm awful horny. Can't sleep less I shoot my load out."

Yeah, how about that! Let's switch the big light on. I've never seen a grown man masturbate. You haven't got much, but let's see how it looks with a backbone. Let's see you whack it. Let's see you send up a gusher. Let's see how long it takes before you stop pulling and bring up the subject of blowing.

Naturally, I wouldn't speak like that to a houseguest. I said nothing.

Roger wasn't talking either. He stopped pulling. Instead of discussing the relative merits of blowing, he stuck a blunt finger up my butthole. Without a word he was on top of me, his dick in me, reaming me. The most casual approach ever. His engine could have been bigger, but Roger knew how to get the most mileage out of it. He fucked like a fireman. Triple-

speed in and out action. Piston-like lunges bringing forth hot fumes of jism. He wiped his whang daintily on the top sheet and rolled over snoring.

The morning sun highlighted our morning erections. I belatedly pulled the shade down on my way back from the bathroom. Roger followed in my footsteps and returned dragging the same hard-on, his rigid shaft swinging aggressively. He said, “Sorry about last night, Carey.” Later he’d hafta amend that to “Sorry about this morning,” because he was repeating last night’s performance; “You don’t mind, do you, kid?” Before I could wriggle, Roger had penetrated my asshole.

I’d seen his wide backside on that last journey to the crapper. Now Roger relaxed with his knees high, revealing the lush bottom half of his bottom. I kneaded the immense cheeks without much hope of winning a go-ahead sign. Uncle Ernie had years to grow weary of marriage and to welcome some back-entry attention. But Roger Hunt? The big blond was a newlywed. Sure, he sailed into a bung when no other hole was available. Sure, he woke up with a bone like all guys do, and got rid of a load the way most guys will one time or another. That didn’t mean he’d let a boy shove it up his ass. He might, if I asked nicely.

“Would you—?” I let my finger do the talking. Two fingers.

“Anything goes, Carey. You can ream it if you want.”

I took my time mounting him hugging my luck, admiring the heavy expanse of white, ass flesh, the golden hairs of the furrow, the clusters of freckles east and west of his wrinkled little pucker.

Roger stirred impatiently. “Fuck it in! Don’t be afraid. I can take it.”

I corn holed the newlywed bung. Roger took it and like it. He stayed over that night too. His arrival dove-tailed neatly with Ernie’s departure. Roger couldn’t stand his mother-in-law but he went for what I had to give him. In fact he soon requested multiple services.

“If I don’t shoot three or four times a day, I’m lost. You like that too, Carey?” Roger supplied intimate unsolicited details. “I boff her in the morning an’ I boff her at night, but there’s such a fuckin’ long time in between. I jerk off in the office less I get a fuckin’ queer to suck it.”

The taste of his jism was still on my tongue when he said it. I wasn't offended, however. In Roger's lexicon fuckin', went with queer, like dishonest goes with politician, That didn't stop him from voting and it didn't deter me from revolving my thumb in his keester. While I thumb probed, I licked his testicles, blotting my face against his basket.

Roger scratched his bush, displacing my forehead. "Don't tease, kid. If you're gonna suck it, suck it."

"Roger, were you ever in the air force?"

"Nope."

"I'm just kinda surprised that you uh—"

"That I take it up the ass? There's nothing queer about getting your ass plugged, Carey. I've had more prick in there than any two fuckin' faggots."

He had more ass than two skinny faggots, yet somehow I doubted Roger's statement. The blond sensed my skepticism. Lighting a cigarette, speaking quietly, he settled back to explain himself.

"How old are you, Carey? Nearly sixteen? I was a little older, I remember it was just after my birthday when it happened. My friend and I borrowed a car—not really stealing—joyriding, we called it. Lotsa fellas did it, only we got caught and that was a bad season for joyriders. The judge said it was high time to set an example in our fucking law-abiding community. So he sentenced Nick and me to six months in the State Reformatory up near Springfield.

"Those six months we weren't boys any more, we weren't human. We were prisoners shut up in dungeons, kept alive to obey whatever orders they gave us. I remember my first night on the inside. One of the guys asked: 'They take you out yet?' I said: 'Whaddya mean?' He just laughed. That laugh made me start sweating."

The echo of that same laugh made me start salivating. Luscious boys locked in dungeons. Slaves to the passions of prison guards, fellow inmates, dungeon-mates. Six months of the good life in any reformatory would outshine a lifetime at Camp Sha-wan-ga, I'd always dreamed of ten-way orgies. A boy has scope in a reformatory. Why ten? Why not a dozen? Say six boys and six overseers swinging horny-skinned cudgels. I'd go out and

joyride all over the place if Roger would just tell me where to find Springfield.

A het kid might resist getting reformed though. Roger snuffed out his cigarette. I lit another one for him. He coughed and continued:

“The next night they woke me by flashing a light in my eyes. We slept dorm-style, eight or nine to a cell, only they called it a room. The goon with the flashlight barked: ‘Hunt? Report for duty.’ I heard a snicker from one of the cots near mine. Then the guard pushed me toward the door. He herded me out of the building, outdoors. It was still summer, sultry and pitch black without a star in the sky. The guard didn’t bother to use his flash. He nudged me ahead of him along a gravel path. The path led to an open shed behind the garage at the far end of the grounds.

“Later I got used to the march in the darkness.

They’d always take us out there because some of the other guards didn’t dig that kind of action. They disapproved of rape, torture, and sodomy.” Roger spat it out bitterly.

“Four other guards were waiting, and two kids like me wearing the underpants we slept in. We were there to be raped, tortured, and sodomized—fucked up the ass. One of the boys was Nick, my friend who’d been on the car deal with me. The other kid couldn’t have been thirteen yet. How did he ever get sent up? Some prick on the bench musta been setting a real fucking example!

“They had a lantern, shaded so it couldn’t be seen from the main building. I felt a palm flush on my kidneys, and I landed on the gravel flat on my keester. The guard flicked on his flashlight again. ‘Look what I brung to the party,’ he said. ‘Hey, where’s Burt?’ Another guard came puffing up. He was a big fat bastard. A voice behind me yelled: ‘Here’s Burt now. C’mon, let’s get going.’

“Burt, the fat guy, refused to be hurried. He said: ‘I see you got the ass squad all assembled. Okay, squad, strip for inspection!’ We dropped our drawers fast. They stood around looking at us, jeering. They made us bend over. One of them felt my ass—they called it inspection.

“Okay, jack-off squad, jack it. Make believe it’s lights out time in the dorm an’ lessee you pull it.’

“I put my hand over my nuts, not jacking, sorta shielding. The guard they called Burt planted himself in front of me. He spoke in a sorta confidential whisper. ‘What’s your name, son? Hunt? Well, listen here; Hunt, when I tell a punk to pull his meat, I mean pull it. If we hafta take you to the garage, you may not have any meat left to pull when we get through with you. Okay, Hunt?’ His fist in my belly ended the interview. I started pulling.

“Burt turned from me to the next kid in-line. Nick. Nick was big for his age, tall and lanky. He wouldn’t take no shit from nobody. The fat bastard poked his finger at him. ‘Here’s another shy one.’ Then he started the same spiel—when I tell a punk, etc. Nick pulled his chin back and told the whole platoon of guards to go fuck themselves.

“They worked him over. And they didn’t drag him into the garage to do it. Right there in front of us, maybe they were setting an example. Five pairs of fists knocked him around till he was on the ground moaning. The other kid and I kept pulling our dicks or trying to. I was scared to look up. When I did I saw that one of the guards was parading around with his jock out. He crouched over where Nick was lying. Honest, I didn’t know what the sonofabitch was up to till I saw him shove his jock up my friend’s butt and plug him.

“The guard with the flashlight jumped the little kid. You hadda hand it to the shrimp, he took a fucking without a murmur. But not Roger J. Hunt. No one was gonna do that to me. I couldn’t stand up to them like Nick, but I could run. Bare ass, I tried to run down the path. The fat bastard tripped me easy. He grabbed me. I was still game to try to squirm out of it. He had one hand on the crack of my ass, he clouted me with the other. ‘This one I’m gonna like,’ he told his buddies. ‘We better take him inside. He’s gonna holler. I want him to holler.’

“I fooled him. Didn’t make a sound, not a whimper. I knew when I was licked. I figured I’d take my punishment and do my whimpering later. They dumped me on a heap of empty sacks in the garage. Three of ‘em, two to hold me down while Burt fucked me. The fat guy pulled out his putz. He had a club like my arm up to the elbow. I thought sure he’d kill me. He waved the club in front of my face only for a second, jerking it, sorta to show me what I was getting. I started to whimper.

“One of his buddies suggested: ‘Why doncha make him suck it first, Burt?’ But Burt was strictly a bung man. The whimpering noises I was making seemed to affect his breathing. I heard it in my ears like an ocean roar-raspy, uneven. He was tight on me, jockeying to get set in a better position. I felt the thick truncheon open my asshole. He fucked it into me.”

“Gee, that musta been rough.”

Roger hedged and rejected my sympathy. “Yeah, rough. But that’s the best way to take cock up the ass, kid. Start off with a war club, then you can take anything. By the time the other guards crawled in, I didn’t feel a thing. Guess you can say I’m built right for reaming, huh? One good fuck an’ I could take on the whole fucking reformatory. That’s just about what happened—the whole fucking reformatory took me. See, I was husky. They liked ‘em big-assed. Most every night I’d get marched down to the shed. Once eight Of ‘em gave it to me, one after another.”

Poor Roger! Such callous treatment could turn a guy queer or something. His story heated up my whacker. I rubbed it gently between his balls and postponed asking for a detailed description of his cellmates and their after lights-out diversions. One night in the reformatory should have hurtled them all far past the hand-job stage.

In the same calm tone, Roger concluded: “So now you know why I let a clean kid like you do it to me.” The deceptive calm shattered when Roger turned over, butt heaving. Harshly, he pleaded: “Fuck it! Fuck it good, Burt!”

I was the fat bastard, the burly guard in his rumpled uniform, pulling out his putz to ram the helpless prisoner. Whine, prisoner. Beg for it, baby. Did Burt wear shiny boots with his uniform? Did his spurs slash your flanks when he screwed you? Sorry, I’m fresh outta spurs. I screw the old-fashioned way: ten inches of hang into the hopper.

I ripped his ass open and reamed it.

“That was great,” Roger murmured. Before he fell asleep he complained boyishly, “Gosh, I wish the old bitch would go home already. I miss Rhoda something awful.”

Nu, do reformatories really reform heteros?

## CHAPTER TEN

The last days of August were rainy and muggy. With two hefty studs on my list, who noticed the weather? I paid no attention to the calendar either. Summer was forever. Screw tomorrow.

Rhoda's mother took off on her broomstick but the reform school alumnus knew where to find me. In his casual way when Roger Hunt felt the urge to ream me, he reamed me. When his asshole felt itchy, he knew how to relieve it without leaving the building. He'd often drop in to borrow a cup of sugar and limp out with a cupful of my jism floating deep in his kishkes.

I'd float through life like a spunky blob of jism. Bobbing between Uncle Ernie and Roger. Never reaching port. Floating. Fucking. It was a nice thought to fall asleep by when the August rain fell.

A week before Labor Day I was forced to face reality. The summer camp season would soon be over. No more floating. I would have to reach port then. Port was that goddamn apartment in Riverdale. Ceding Ernie to Marsha, bidding farewell to Roger. No more fucking.

I was entitled to a little fun before my uncle dragged me back to oblivion.

Unintentionally, of course, Uncle Ernie made it easier for me to break away from the two-studs pattern. He curtailed his visits, curtly explaining, "Business!" I believe they'd just opened a brand-new racetrack near Rutherford, New Jersey. That explained Ernie's sudden onrush of business. It also gave me long extra hours of leisure.

I'd grown so fucking lazy during the summer. Lazy and rusty. Honest, I didn't relish starting again on the cruise trail. If I could just stay put in the cozy apartment and have a handsome hung stud come calling. That's what I wanted to wind up the season: a third gentleman caller.

The doorbell rang. A gentleman stood on the threshold. A stud. I can't remember what he was peddling. Something bulky. He looked trim rather than bulky, old enough to know what he was doing, young enough to make Uncle Ernie seem sorta decrepit. Standing in the doorway, he made his sales

pitch. Without actually licking my lips or scratching my basket, I tried to make him understand I was available. When he understood I wasn't buying, he quickly departed obviously not interested in what I was selling. He disappeared, but his aura settled over the apartment. Now I knew how to attract callers by the dozen, without stirring. Callers, not call boys. Salesmen. Salesmen get hired because they're clean-cut and charming. That happened to be precisely what I was after-something clean-cut and charming with cock attached.

I hunted through magazines for those ads with detachable fill-in cards. From vacuum cleaners to Salvation Army annuities. I checked the box marked *Shall our representative call?* In the appropriate spaces I filled in my name, address, and apartment number, specifying only that the company representative should call in the late morning or late evening. Until they clarified the laws on obscenity I figured I'd better not list other specifications on a postcard.

The U.S. mails are delivered at a gallop. Late on the afternoon after I sent out the first batch of cards, I greeted the first representative. He was a doddering ancient, peddling a portable sewing machine. I told him I'd have to ask my guardian. He schlepped his machine out of my life, muttering something uncomplimentary about time wasters. Two seconds later, guess who came calling. My guardian. In person.

Bright and early next morning my second solicited salesman presented himself. Sold! He was a zoftig, sandy-haired Irishman and he looked more good natured than classically handsome. A good nature is not to be sneezed at. This door-to-door rep was selling an electric mixer. He wiped the sweat from his forehead as he handed me his business card. It was one of those steamy days when no good-natured Mick should be out earning a living.

I took him into the tiny kitchenette because he wanted to demonstrate his wares. But I had nothing to put in the mixer. With restaurants around the corner and shopping a pain in the ass, I didn't believe in the well-stocked larder. My refrigerator held a few cans of beer for Roger and a chocolate bar for me. Beer and chocolate don't mix, not electrically. The situation puzzled the Irishman. He scratched his head. While he was scratching, I slipped off my sleep coat and let him see me naked. He looked, but I could

see that his mind—what there was of it was still on the undemonstrated mixer.

“Very hot in here: Why don’t you take off your jacket?”

“Yeah, very hot,” he agreed, but he kept on his jacket.

“How about a beer?” I suggested.

He grinned. “Much obliged.” He peeled off his jacket and gulped his beer. I felt like an idiot standing there bare ass. I patted my prong semi-surreptitiously. He placed the empty beer can on the table.

“Where can I take a leak aroun’ here, Johnny?” I showed him. Having a man around the place, pissing, gave me a comfortable feeling. I wasn’t a glutton, I didn’t go in with him. I tidied up the tidy kitchen. The Mick seemed to be taking his time. I wondered how I could send him on his way without signing up for a mixer. “

He came in, his fly wide open. “Nice place yuh got here. I couldn’t find the light.” He opened his belt as if he meant to tuck his shirt in. The zipper was down and the top button was undone, so when he loosened the belt the pants sagged. He held them below his hips, about level with the edge of his red, white, and blue boxer shorts. Still holding the pants up with one hand, he stuck the other into his shorts and exposed himself. A round, red, juicy melon, with a fat, pulpy head like Uncle Ernie’s. Prettier, because it *wasn’t* Uncle Ernie’s. He held up his prick and let his pants fall.

“Yuh suck, doncha?”

I grabbed his jock and felt the skin smooth out and stiffen. In the bedroom he dropped the patriotic boxers. Now he looked porno film sexy, sprawled on the bed, tie still knotted, shoes and socks on, very, very nude between the tops of his socks and his shirt tail. Except that he was longer on the dong, his body resembled Roger’s. Heavy thatch, beefy thighs, huge chunky asscheeks. I serviced him. His spunk was acrid and salty, a sultry summer morning pick-me-up.

“Much obliged, Johnny. I’ll be back some time.” He was back five minutes later—to pick up the demonstration mixer he’d left in the kitchen.

If you’re planning to try the ad card bit, fa Chrissake, coordinate, synchronize, plan it better than I did. The same day the Irishman

demonstrated his mixer, etc., two irate salesmen came calling simultaneously. One with a set of encyclopedias, the other weighed down with record albums, *How to Speak Serbo-Croatian*. When I refused to pay for the records, I got cursed in Spic by the Spic who was peddling them. The book dealer was immensely attractive, but how could I score with that racket going on around us? All his attractive muscles were devoted finally to carting a dozen unwanted volumes out of the apartment. All at once the card prank seemed excessively juvenile.

In the morning I settled down to accomplish some serious pondering about the immediate future. Pondering caused my T-shirt to cling to my shoulder blades. It was too fucking hot to ponder. I peeled off the T-shirt and fixed up a pitcher of iced coffee. On this ideal morning for doing the nudist routine, there were no callers. It was too fucking muggy to think about eating. But along about lunchtime the next representative introduced himself.

“—from the Swinburne Company,” he said. I didn’t get the first part. Did it matter? Whatever he had in stock, I was buying. For his sake I’d sign up for a dozen dozen encyclopedias in Swahili. I’d get on my knees for a sample. On my knees I’d kowtow to the Swinburne Company. They must have been striving for blissful consumer relationships. At least one horny vice-president must have itched to keep this stud for a private assignment in a locked office. He was perfect. Silky smooth where Uncle Ernie came on rough-diamond earthy. Younger than Ernie, still in his twenties. Well built, well groomed, well proportioned. With lustrous gray eyes made slightly sinister by long midnight blue lashes. Perfect.

He started a glib line of patter, but I sensed his heart wasn’t in it. My mind wasn’t on it. “Care for some lunch?” I blurted. “I was just uh—setting the table.”

His lashes remained reasonably stationary and he nodded politely. “That would be great if it isn’t too much trouble.”

No trouble at all, mister! I cut sandwiches. “Beer or iced coffee?” I put both down, wishing I had something better to offer. Not the Scotch Ernie guzzled, not that pissy wine Doug served. Something more festive, something sparkling. I wished I had chilled champagne to give him, And caviar. And crushed strawberries. I wished—

“I wish we had air conditioning. It’s like a steam bath in here. Why don’t you make yourself comfortable?” I didn’t peek to see if he gagged over that hoary chestnut. Honest, I thought I was being original. Making myself comfortable, self-consciously, I dropped my ragged at-home Bermudas and sat at the table stark naked.

I contemplated the sandwiches.

“Fine idea, fella. Sure you don’t mind?” The stud from Swinburne’s slipped off his seersucker jacket. “This is my best suit,” he confided, hanging the jacket on a hook behind the door. “I’d hate to get a stain, a beer stain, on these pants. They’re my best pants.” Facing me, not one whit self-conscious, he dropped them and hung them on the same hook under his jacket.

I was hooked too. He wore silky smooth Jockeys and short blue socks. His thighs were a sex show. He sat at his ease, chair tilted back, legs straight out, lazily kicking off his loafers. Real comfortable.

“This is great. Good sandwich.” Strong teeth chomped on the beef. Unobtrusively, I draped the discarded Bermudas over my hard-on. Although I made a pretense of calm, civilized behavior under stress, I couldn’t pretend to eat or carry on a conversation. My luncheon companion ate and chatted for both of us. He finished my sandwich, washing it down with the last of the beer. When only a hunk of wilted lettuce and my elbows were left on the table, he stood up. Facing me again. His hand moved faster than my heart beat. Ein – zwei — his hang hung out of his Jockeys.

“Like it?”

I loved it. Who wouldn’t love a rosy, nosey prick that perked its head up to catch your attention? The upward tilt was exciting. The umbrella-round, shaded rim was enticing. I loved it. He gave the vein a mean pinch to make it redder.

“It’s soft now. You should see it hard. Wanna play with it? Want me to take my shorts off?”

Yes to everything. I stripped him and serviced him. For a stud accustomed to conquests, he proved to be surprisingly docile. Whatever I did won his approval. I could tell he didn’t like to have his ass mauled, but once I got my forefinger inside it, he wriggled. He cheerfully submitted to

*suchus interruptus.* I kept interrupting the suck job to nibble on his sweet-smelling testicles and sniff at his curly bush and admire his classic features and squeeze his tongue-moist erection. Less docilely, he forced his dong down my throat again, moaning: “I’m cumming!”

Nothing happened. Maybe he was one of those unfortunates who cum without shooting. That would be doubly unfortunate. A blow-job lacking a creamy finale isn’t really a blow-job. I felt cheated. Before I could complain to the management, the delayed charge flooded my mouth. Hot gusts of jism zoomed out and kept zooming. I swallowed, it kept zooming. Enough bubbly sperm to father a new race of giants. Every drop of it flavorsome.

“Well, so long,” I said when the seersucker suit was off the hook and halfway out of the apartment. “Hope I see you again.”

“Wait a minute. You’re forgetting something.” His gray eyes were candid, not at all sinister. I guess mine must have looked perplexed because he added: “I don’t let guys do it for free, baby.”

We didn’t haggle over the stud fee. The sum involved was reasonable; Uncle Ernie gave me twice that or more every time he peered down my butthole. In exchange for the loot, I was handed a business card. I tucked it into my billfold for future reference.

*SWINBURNE COMPANY*

*Fine Mattresses*

*ADAM DAWSON, Representative*

*Demonstrations by Appointment*

969-6969

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Suddenly it was September. I hardly had time to think about fine mattresses and Adam Dawson. Most of the time I was on a very fine one, under Uncle Ernie. My uncle seemed determined to make every last moment memorable. He arrived at all hours and stayed till we were both sweat-soaked on the outside and dry on the inside.

On the day before my dreaded homecoming, Uncle Ernie made his appearance late in the morning. We had ourselves a session, then performed a stroke for stroke encore. Instead of bowing, Ernie fell back exhausted, dozing. I was under the shower when the doorbell rang. Cursing door to door salesmen in general, I hurried to answer. This was no door to door salesman in general, specifically it was the genial Mick who peddled electric mixers.

He elbowed his way in and, having a keen sense of direction, headed straight for the bedroom. Uncle Ernie was sprawled naked on the bed, still dozing. I whispered to the Irishman, "C'mon in the kitchen."

"Got a customer already, huh?" he observed genially. "I don't care where you suck it, 'slong as you suck it. Tolya I'd be back. Remember Junior?"

I hadn't forgotten, I'd know that schlang anywhere. When he produced it, I glanced toward the bedroom, then knelt down to kiss it.

"Much obliged, Johnny. See ya."

I double locked the door and crept back to check up on Ernie. He was sitting on the bed, blank-eyed. Without benefit of an accusation, I was positive he'd seen me work on the Irishman. I had to say something, do something, before the storm broke. In a pinch I did my specialty, I reached for his thumper. The storm broke. He pushed me hard, the base of my skull slammed against the headboard. I lost my balance and fell at his feet. Dear Uncle Ernie kicked me. Towering over me, bare heel lashing out at me, fat cock swinging, gambler's face inscrutable, kicking.

The storm blew over. Ernie turned his back on me, put his clothes on, and closed the door softly behind him. I had plenty to keep me occupied. I

applied salve where needed, finished my packing, stuck imaginary pins in an imaginary effigy, and rehearsed endless apologies. Except for the salve applications, it was all wasted energy. I wasn't going anywhere immediately. When Ernie returned, a few hours later, he looked fresh, hale, and disgustingly hearty. And he brushed aside my apologies. He spoke to the wall just past my left cringing shoulder.

"The arrangements are made. You're enrolled at the Farnsworth Academy in Syracuse. That's far enough away so we won't have to see you again ever. The Academy term begins this week. You're expected to matriculate formally by Wednesday the latest. This is your bus ticket and traveling expenses up to Syracuse."

I held my hand out for the envelope. You had to give Ernie credit. He cut through red tape like a switchblade cuts through muggers' victims. No wonder he sounded a trifle hoarse. He must have been calling long distance since he left me. Good old Ernie! But what did he mean by *We won't have to see you again ever?*

"I've told your aunt everything," he confided to the wall.

*Shove it!* I was stunned, not slap happy. Ernie must have invented a plausible story, he'd had all summer to improvise. But I could be sure he hadn't told Aunt Marsha everything. He'd told the twat goddamn little-unless he intended to catch that bus to Syracuse with me.

Uncle Ernie had no such intention. In the same expressionless voice, he added: "Don't come around or you'll regret it. See that you get upstate by Wednesday. You're on your own from here an in."

The wall absorbed the message, and Uncle Ernie, for the last time, sauntered out of the love nest.

All this to punish me for one fucking blow-job. Maybe it looked sorta sordid, me swinging on the Irishman's meat in the kitchen. Uncle Ernie must have resented my enthusiasm. Sure, I'd given the Mick a good work-out. I liked his dick, I'd been in heat since the first nibble, I loved giving that blow-job. Naturally. Giving a blow-job after you've been fucked a few times is heaven. Uncle Ernie should know that. He should know that the genial Mick meant nothing to me. When the pants were down, only one prick really mattered. Ernie's.

I spent a long day on the mope. Thumbing the print off the bus ticket, rebelling at the thought of school, Syracuse, exile. If I could only be on my own! *On my own*. What had the executioner mumbled on his way out of the apartment? “You’re on your own from here on in.” If moping hadn’t put cotton batting around my brain, the message would have registered earlier. What the fuck did I have to mope about? I had a clear field ahead of me. I *was* on my own. I was free, I was beholden to nobody. Fuck Syracuse. Fuck Uncle Ernie.

Sudden freedom called for a celebration. I celebrated by reaming Roger because he was handy. It must have been midnight when I paid the Hunts a neighborly visit. The ex-reformatory mascot was in his pajamas.

“What’s up, fella?”

“Rhoda still got the rag on?” I whispered.

“Yeah.”

“Gee, I’m sorry to bother you,” I said in a voice meant to carry across an apartment. “The fuse blew. Would you mind—?”

Rhoda knew I was as mechanically-inclined as a chorine’s Aunt Sadie. What she didn’t know was that my fuse hadn’t blown, though I did blow her husband. Twice, actually. Once before and once after I screwed him. My festive mood percolated right down to my fucker, and Roger felt it as he submitted to a merciless rutting.

“Hey, you tryin’ to out-Burt Burt? What’s got into you, Carey? Come into money?”

“Damn right I did. My uncle passed away and left me a fortune.”

A fairly sizable fortune for a kid on his own. Enough to tide me over till I latched on to another uncle or something. Or someone. I knew I’d have to latch on to another apartment. When I didn’t show up in Syracuse, there’d be an investigation. Officially I would be a missing person. Plenty of guys join the ranks of the missing in Manhattan. Only I didn’t plan to miss out on anything.

With my 20-20 vision, I didn’t miss out on a handwritten APT. TO LET sign on a flyspecked tenement at a safe distance south of the fucking love nest. A dingy room furnished with “dust and orange crates and an alcove

for cooking. My own apartment. Landing my own apartment was a feat that called for a real celebration. Champagne festivities. I phoned the mattress demonstrator.

Adam seemed surprised to hear from me. No, he couldn't make it first thing in the morning or even second thing. How about lunchtime? Lunchtime was lovely. Unless he ate my jock, Adam Dawson was slated to go hungry. My larder was as bare as my bookshelf.

Adam's crisp good looks made the room seem shabbier. His chatter was about as romantic as an orange crate, but with those crisp looks, who noticed?

"Let's make it fast. I have to be uptown in half an hour. Got the money?"

As soon as I shelled out the stud fee, he did his strip act. I was wearing only my favorite fast-dropping Bermudas. When they dropped, we were both naked. Adam's prong jumped in full erection before I laid my hands on the first fifty cents worth. For a minute I hated the bastard. I made him hot, he wanted me to suck his cock, and I had to pay for the privilege of giving him what he wanted. That didn't make sense, but neither does the fine art of cocksucking when you try to explain it. When he fucked my mouth I forgot about money. I'd bought myself a bargain. For the price of one blow-job, Adam gave me a double mouthful. I told him later, quite clinically and unromantically, that his sperm load was exceptionally abundant.

"Yeah," Adam replied, "I always did shoot a big load. Someday I'm gonna catch it in a cup and measure it."

"Don't do that! It's too good to waste, Adam."

"You really go for cock, don't you?" He stared at me as if I hadn't presented my credentials on two occasions.

"I go for all four B's, Adam: bung, balls, and big buzzers. The bigger the better. Uh—don't you go for cock?"

"I go for everything," he said non-committedly. That's an evasive, irresponsible answer. No one goes for everything. Start bandying expressions like everything into the conversation and you find you've included cunt and other monstrosities.

“Including women?”

“Sure. In my business I get ten times as many women as qu—men.”

In his business. According to his business card this male prostie was a purveyor of mattresses. I kept my voice studiously unsarcastic and inquired: “Sell many mattresses?”

Adam recognized the sarcasm and chuckled. “Don’t knock it, kid. There isn’t a hustler in town with my gimmick. I demonstrate mattresses. First step is to show housewives and guys what’s wrong with the ones they’ve been using. I demonstrate by, laying on them. You’d be surprised how many housewives—and guys—hop right in with me. Stretch out on a bed looking hot and horny, and the moths’ll flutter around you.”

“You didn’t show me what’s wrong with my mattress, Adam.”

“You didn’t give me a chance, did you? No kidding, I score better than any fucking freelancer and once in a while I even chalk up a sale for Swinburne.”

That must make the company happy. Lord knows how many ladies and gentlemen Adam made happy. It sounded so easy. “If you’re demonstrating and a girl grabs your jock, you fuck her?”

“Chicks don’t grab jocks. They just let a guy know they’re not wearing panties. I do the grabbing, and I fuck ‘em, you bet your sweet butt I fuck ‘em. Young-old-fat-skinny-bleached or bald, I fuck ‘em.”

It was repulsive to think of Adam’s crisp good-looking cock sheathed in an old, fat, bald female’s pussy. To change the subject, not too much, I asked the second part of the question. “And if a guy grabs you?”

“You know the answer to that one.”

Yeah, I knew the answer. If a guy-like me-grabbed him, Adam would play along cheerfully and hold his hand out afterward. I hated him again, and now there was no dong on display to soften my anger. Adam had slipped his duds on while discussing the ins and outs of his profession. Obviously he enjoyed spilling out the shop talk. I realized that he was peering at me as if he was trying to see beyond the dewy-eyed dispenser of stud fees.

“How come a kid like you pays for it? You’ve got more than a thimble swinging there sonny. You should be out working the Bluebird or—”

I wasn’t taking advice from a fucking he-whore. I grabbed his nuts while he was still prattling on about our feathered friends, the goddamn robins or something. “Who told you to stow it away, Dawson? Maybe I’m not through yet. Keep your cock out till I tell you to cover it.”

Adam’s dark lashes shaded his eyes for a moment. His voice was pitched low, level, and dangerous. “Never talk like that,” he said “unless you’ve got a real hungry stud on your hands.”

If I was broke I would’ve been chastened. With plenty of loot in my pocket I wasn’t taking shit from a hustler. I flashed the bankroll. “Hungry, stud?”

“Starving. How do you want it?”

For the usual fee we reversed the usual positions. I came in his mouth. Adam dutifully kept his labe hanging out till I gave him permission to cover it. It half hung, half stood at an intriguing betwixt and between stage. I think Adam would have offered an across-the-board discount if I requested extra innings. I patted his ass and sent him on his way uptown.

You know those little chores that face you after entertaining a hustler. You rinse your mouth twice and check your billfold and swear you’ll never call him again and make sure his phone number is filed where you can find it. I rinsed, checked, swore, made sure, and sat down to ruminate.

What, where, or who the fuck was the Bluebird?

## CHAPTER TWELVE

If you know where to do your research, nothing is easier than looking for a Bluebird in the summery fields of Manhattan. Sit back in comfort in your local telephone booth, sharpen a pencil, moisten your thumb, and consult the directory. There were three Bluebirds listed:

*Bluebird Automatic Steam Laundry, Inc.* which sounded thoroughly businesslike and unappetizing,

*Bluebird, Cynthia K.*, presumably a cunt though I'm sure I've seen that name on a yacht somewhere,

*Bluebird Self-Service Cafeteria*, with an address on the fringe of the theatrical district.

The cafeteria didn't sound much more promising than the laundry. But the Brooklyn directory was too thick and there were too many pages torn out of the Queens book. I wasn't going back to the Bronx if I could help it. So that night I dined at the Bluebird.

Just an old-fashioned cafeteria on a side street in midtown. No 'maitre d', no carpets, no crystal chandeliers. No bar, no counter heaped with Greek delicacies, no pizza. The menu seemed to lean heavily on old-fashioned cafeteria standbys: vegetable soup, beef stew, doughnuts. Naturally I scrutinized the counterman before I examined the menu. There were no Greek delicacies among that crew either. They looked like old cafeteria standbys, leaning heavily on fallen arches; sweaty and graying, with vegetable soup stains spattered on their aprons.

Adam said I should be working the Bluebird. If he meant I should work *at* this shithouse, I'd call the prick and demand a refund. No dishwashing or clearing tables for Carey Baxter! I grabbed up a tray and selected dinner. Soup, stew, and sinkers. Most of the tables were empty. I had chosen an off time, after the six o'clock crush and before hungry crowds poured out of the theaters. The chow was cafeteria greasy but palatable. I mopped up a stray chunk of beef 'gristle with the complimentary slab of whole wheat bread. Then I trudged back to the counter for coffee.

I had my coffee on the terrace—the last row of tables near the stairs leading down to the washrooms. Unless Adam had referred to the laundry or Cynthia, this must be the nerve center. Nothing happened. I sat at the strategic table, sipping coffee. For five endless minutes. Five minutes spent sipping tepid coffee seemed like eternity. In all that time no one had used the nerve center stairway. Maybe the gents crapper was being painted or inspected by the Board of Health or, more likely, under surveillance by the Vice Squad. When my cup held only bitter coffee grounds, I made the trip downward.

The cafeteria men's room was cramped and gloomy, with the characteristic men's room aroma of stale piss and sleazy excitement. Adorned with the characteristic men's room furnishings: a booth, a pair of urinals, a sink. The booth was empty doorless and cheerless. A man was washing his hands at the sink. It must have been the most thorough hand wash in history. I'd taken showers with Uncle Ernie—including a fuck under water—that took less time than this guy expended to scrub the grit off his pinkie. I stepped up to one of the urinals. Standing back, I unzipped.

When I finished, I risked a glance toward the sink. The man was slowly drying his hands with a handkerchief, frankly ogling my uncovered buzzer. The sonofabitch could be the law, an admirer, or just a weirdo riding a hand-washing fetish. I played it cautiously, by halves. I gave my whang a couple of half-hearted half strokes, then allotted him half a second to see it half hard, half shielded by my palm. That way I wasn't incriminating myself and I wasn't giving too much away for free either. The man didn't make a move. I walked up to him after tucking away the goodies.

“Like some coffee?”

His voice was husky, gruff with men's room agitation. What I really wanted was a tall glass of gin and Seven-Up dotted with grenadine, but I wasn't admitting perversions to strangers. “I'd love some, thank you.”

He went up first. We met at the coffee counter. He carried the tray to a corner table. We left the muck untasted while he made advances. “I uh—couldn't help noticing what you had down there. It's beautiful.” A hand on my thigh emphasized the compliment. At least it was a clean hand. The rest of him looked kinda grubby grayish teeth, jowls, a mottled complexion. Old

enough to be Uncle Ernie's uncle. What the fuck was I doing with this bastard?

"I'd like to take care of you. Of course I'll give you a little present."

He named a figure. Not too little not extravagant. He was awaiting some sign of approval. I nodded. In exchange for the present, I'd give him a go at my basket. That's what I was doing with this bastard—earning a living.

He felt that the nod gave him the right to unlimited groping. Groping with both hands, he whispered, "Live with your folks, sonny?"

"With my brother."

"Would he be at home now? Sorry I can't invite you to my place."

I told him my brother was visiting our Aunt Gwendoline in Hartford, Connecticut. We used my place. If he would have sucked me, paid me and left me, I wouldn't have minded too much. But the sonofabitch had to make the session a formal undress affair. I soon got a close-up view of the headache that plagues every hustler—the client. His hands were his best feature. He should have used them to hide his paunch and his scrawny thatch and the eel-colored eel that hung dejectedly where studs carry a whacker. I found him and it repulsive. If he asked me to kiss it I would have pleaded an upset stomach and vomited. He didn't ask me to kiss it, he kissed mine. Except for those who wear dentures, all tricks are inclined to be biters. This one nipped a bit around the edges, otherwise he was a reasonably competent cocksucker. Like all semi-pros, in desperation, I screwed my eyes shut and thought about pleasant things. Big juicy cocks. Incompetent cocksuckers with slim, muscular bodies. The big juicy steak dinner I'd treat myself to tomorrow. Eyes shut, I shot my wad. When I opened them the old queer was still there, licking his chops, looking satisfied.

Making a slight upward adjustment in the size of the present, he knelt for another round. This time I pictured studs with notable asses. Ted's Uncle Terry, Alex, Doug Miller, Ernie. I gave my client his money's worth.

But, honest, I wasn't cut out for the profession. The next day I had steak for lunch and by dinnertime I was back at the Bluebird. I picked up a carbon of last night's Lothario. This beast paid double and requested my participation in a sixty-nine. It wasn't exactly torture—I've seen worse

pricks on guys a third his age. Guys a third his age were about ready for graduate school. The sixty-nine lasted almost that many minutes. When our loads were safely digested and the fee was safe in my billfold, he got sentimental. Told me he loved me.

“Do you like me just a little bit, darling?”

“Nope.” After sixty-six minutes in bed with the bastard I was in no mood for coddling. “Nope. Not even a teensy bit, Grandpa.”

Those were suicidal words for a lad in my position. My elderly pick-up turned ugly, uglier than nature made him, slobbering bestial. Spewing unkind words about boys who take money. In order to get rid of him, I raised my voice a couple of octaves. “My roommate’s due back any second. Butch is childishly jealous, considering he’s a grown-up heavyweight boxer. If he finds us here together, he’ll punch our nuts into mincemeat. He’ll kill us.”

It worked fine. The gentleman left without demanding a refund, taking his unrequited love out of my life forever. I used the same gimmick often. My brother in Hartford, my roommate, my uncle from Schenectady. All two-fisted hombres, all apt to come home seething with jealousy, itching to commit homicide. In ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, the mere threat was effective. Sometimes I was tempted to use it during the awkward stage between pocketing the customer’s gelt and climbing into the sack to earn it. But that would be dishonest. It’s bad enough to peddle your cock for a living. At least I gave full value for every stud fee I collected. Few full time he-whores can make that statement.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I had no trouble. The hundredth sorta balanced the scales. He was approximately one-seventh of a ton of masculine ugliness, well-dressed, perverted beyond imagination, and he called himself Orville. Orville’s schtick was to have his rump paddled while he jerked off the paddler. He thriftily brought his own paddles with him.

Why did I bring Orville home with me? Because business was slow at the Bluebird and as a point of lopsided honor I refused to leave that shithouse empty-handed. Alone in my apartment with Orville, I shuddered. When he outlined his desires, I grinned all over. An hour later, Orville’s jelly mountain ass was a violent shade of raspberry—and I ached all over.

No, he didn't try to use the paddles on me. He used his hands to pinch, slap, and jerk me all over.

"I'm never gonna cum that way. Lemme—" I took over. Glumly, Orville watched me masturbate. He had offered an extra-generous fee. I let him. I let him catch the jism and I whacked his ass hard at the last minute. That wasn't good enough. We had to start over from scratch-scratch, pinch, slap, jerk.

At midnight I told him about my brother, the heavyweight contender. "Wonderful!" The prospect of a new recruit revived Orville wonderfully. He pinched harder and murmured broken phrases about how he'd love getting paddled by a boxer, how he'd adore jacking off my brother, how our fraternal creams would intermingle, and other obscenities. In his enthusiasm he forced me to repeat the jerk-off performance.

By the third time around I realized that paddlemania was the least of Orville's hang-ups. He had more sado hormones than maso. Not the cat o' nine tails, piercing-eyeballs-with-needles brand of sadism. His was the gentle variety. He got his kicks humiliating hustlers. Making them sweat, making them drop loads like mares drop foals, making them suffer quietly. In spite of his comic opera name and his comic opera appearance, Orville was no cream puff. He was strong and determined—and I was trapped in a room with him. No more hustling for Carey Baxter! I swore tomorrow I'd seek legitimate employment and take all my fucking meals at the Automat!

Sometime before dawn, exhausted pinched black and blue, sticky with my own jism, I felt myself falling into a state of dark velvet stupor. Orville shook me out of it. Two hundred and seventy-odd pounds of Orville mounted me. His cock was no cream puff. He administered a severe fucking. Then, whistling cheerfully he said: "I don't believe I'll have time to wait for your brother." Still whistling, he lifted the extra-generous fee from my billfold and cheerfully departed.

No more hustling for Carey Baxter.

I got a job in the stockroom. A very superior stockroom in one of the snazzier Park Avenue travel agencies. My duties consisted mostly of wrapping packages and folding travel folders. It takes a lot of folding to fold three or four thousand folders. Yet no one would consider it a

challenging career for a guy starting out in legitimate business. If I kept on the job for twenty years I might get to supervise the junior stock clerk. There was no other position open to a boy with my educational background. I hated the business world, but stubbornly I kept working.

Around the corner from the agency, practically in the same building, there was a bar. I used to look in nights when I worked overtime. I couldn't see much from the sidewalk. It was a typical East Side hideaway: soft lighting, all plush and mahogany, packed with faggots. I was too young to enter barrooms, but I was old enough to loiter outside.

When men approached me with interesting propositions, I couldn't refuse all of them could I? They represented a giant step upward from the downstairs crapper at the Bluebird. I met well-heeled professionals, executives, even a diplomat. If I played my cards right, I could have been set up in my own East Side hideaway: soft lighting, all plush and blond wood, rent paid by a faggot. But in the sack my rich sidewalk pick-ups resembled Grandpa, Orville and Company. They were okay for deluxe dinners and run-of-the-mill blow-jobs and currency discreetly slipped under the dresser scarf. I never latched on to one I gave a shit about.

Like I said, I wasn't cut out to be a hustler. I hated to pass up easy money, I liked luxuries as much as the next guy-but I liked sex better. Here I was on my own and I hadn't had a good hot piece of action since Ernie walked out on me. Except the mattress demonstrator. I knew Adam Dawson's telephone number by heart. Dozens of times I'd been tempted to call him. Each time I resisted temptation. A hustler is a habit not much less expensive than heroin. If I got hooked on Adam I'd be hooked on the hustle in order to pay for the habit. There'd be no way out of that blind alley. Fuck it! I valued my fucking independence. So I postponed the call to Adam, I accepted occasional gifts from a succession of grandpas, and I kept folding those goddamn travel brochures. Independence!

When Easter came around I finally asserted my independence. I raked in a whopping stud fee from a harmless old one-shot and celebrated by quitting my job in the stockroom. Spring had the usual effect on my libido. Time to start living again, Carey!

I started my new life with a flourish. I went out and molested a minor.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Saturday afternoon, I promenaded. The late April air held a promise of summer. I felt free, liberated, ready for adventure, moderately horny, immoderately hungry. My promenade had led me to the theatrical district. I wasn't keen about holing up in a movie. On the track of a hamburger, I turned down a side street and found myself in front of the Bluebird.

*Well, why not, Independent?* You're out of a job, back on a budget. Have a budget lunch in the cafeteria. Prove your independence. Skip the men's room.

I accepted the challenge and fought my way inside. I'd never seen the hashhouse so crowded. The place was crawling with moppets, school kids without schoolbooks. Not the local product. They were too neatly dressed, too well behaved, too scrubbed, too holiday happy. Kids on a holiday. We draw them every Easter. Kids from New England and the outer fringes, Ohio. Indiana, you name it. Fresh-faced and eager and totally non-venturesome. They ride sight-seeing buses for glimpses of Lincoln Center and Chinatown. They scribble postcards in hotel lobbies and buy souvenir ash trays shaped like the Statue of Liberty. Unlike most other tourists they never once think of going out to get their young cocks taken care of.

This group seemed typical. Girls giggly, boys dying to be boisterous, chaperoned by a couple of gargoyles. Their average age was somewhere between fourteen and fifteen. I don't know about the girls, but the boys were surely old enough to start cruising. At fourteen a fella has to cum at least once a day. Yet not one of these kids would break away from the herd to seek companionship. They would resist men's room advances mechanically. That's part of the out-of-town syndrome—or is it?

What if I approached one of these innocents at one of the downstairs urinals? Naturally I'd tailor my approach to fit cow country decorum. I'd say, "Howdy!" before grabbing the merchandise. Would I be able to score? Shit, the men's room was off-limits-point of honor. Could I score anyway? From the line in front of the water fountain, I chose a victim at random.

"What's this, a convention?"

The kid looked up startled. A native New Yorker had accosted him. Gee willikers! I had him pegged as either a *gee willikers* or a *golly* exclainer, with *holy cow* as a long shot. He was sturdy and freckled and he wore his corn-colored hair in a crew cut.

“Reckon you couldn’t call us a convention, mistuh. Holy cow, we’re just the Sophomore Class at Farrell Falls High,” he said proudly.

Golly! The Sophomore Class at Farrell Falls High slumming at the Bluebird. “Where’s Farrell Falls?” I asked. “Up in New Hampshire?”

“No, suh.” Evidently my ignorance distressed him. “Farrell Falls is in Arkansas,” he informed me. “We’re only thirty-six miles from Chambersville.” Gee willikers! He proclaimed the good tidings as if Zilchville was an inner suburb of Memphis. I recognized his accent now that he placed it. An easy drawl with a slight slurring of vowels. Friendly. Innocent.

“How do you like New York?”

“Super! We saw the Empire State Building and Lincoln Center. Tonight we’re going to the show at the Music Hall after we see the Statue of Liberty. An tomorrow—” He interrupted the ghastly itinerary. “xcuse me, suh. Mrs. O’Gorman’s waiting for her water.”

“By all means, go water Mrs. O’Gorman. Come back here if you have a minute, there’s something I wanna show you.” I watched him politely set down the tumbler at the chaperon’s table. Musing. To leave the Broadway area and trek all the way out to Miss Liberty then return all the way back again for a fucking movie was faulty planning. I had other plans in mind for the Farrell Falls sophomore. He’d be the youngest kid I’d ever made, young prick to take the taste of the grandpas out of my system. It might be fun to seduce him. I couldn’t compete with the lure of the Music Hall. But tomorrow...

He walked back to where I was waiting at the fountain.

“Something you wanted to show me, suh?”

“Yeah. Try the center faucet. It’s a trick hicks—I mean, out-of-towners-don’t know about.”

“Holy cow! It’s sparkling water.”

“Go ahead, drink it down.” Eyes shining, gamely, he guzzled the weak cafeteria seltzer. Proving that novelties appealed to him and he wasn’t afraid to tackle a new thrill. “Let it run a while,” I advised, “tastes better colder. Now what’s on the agenda for tomorrow?”

“We’re touring the U.N., then after lunch we’re taking the ferry to Staten Island.”

“Gee, I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

“Wouldn’t do what, suh?”

“Risk that trip on the ferry. Those old tubs leak something awful. Only last week one of ‘em collided with an ocean liner. Anyway, no one goes to Staten Island this time of year. Malaria!” Holy cow, seducing was a chore. I had an impulse to drag the hayseed down to the crapper, suck him off, and send him back to his classmates. Once started, however, I continued. “If you want to see New York, I could show you the real city, not the guidebook crap. Tomorrow afternoon would be the perfect time.”

“Golly, I don’t know. If the ferries leak I should warn Mrs. O’Gorman.

“And start a panic? Don’t worry, a little leak never hurt anyone.” I went on quickly before he could find the idea of a shipwreck appealing. “Look, you trot along with the gang to the U.N. There’s lotsa corridors to get lost in. When you lose the others, hop a cab to my apartment, or the crosstown bus’ll let you off at my door.” I supplied the address and apartment number. As an added inducement I promised the kid we’d have lunch together at a spot where students from Arkansas weren’t ordinarily admitted.

“I’ll be there.” He shook hands gravely and volunteered information the most lovesick pick-up seldom offered. “My name’s Rutherford. Rutherford C. Jameson.”

Holy shit! I hadda set out to seduce a Rutherford! I planned to serve lunch, etc. in my room. It was one spot in town where no schoolboy from anywhere had ever been admitted. I cased the supermarket, assembling a menu geared to please Rutherford. Why all the bother? I wasn’t really a chicken enthusiast. I preferred solid man meat-beef. Yet virgin spunk is supposed to be the nectar of thirst-quenchers. I was anxious to try it for the novelty. That’s what excited me—the fucking novelty. Young Rutherford

and I would revel knee-deep in novelties. I'd have it and eat it. If he showed up.

Ford showed up promptly, bursting with U.N. lore. As a veteran who'd been personally screwed by the charge d'affaires of a leading Third World principality, I listened with a certain air of detachment and went on setting the table. Pastrami sandwiches, frosted cupcakes, milk, and a large bottle of seltzer. If he expected something more exotic, Ford was too polite to mention it. He tucked into the homely fare with gusto.

“How old are you, Ford?”

He glanced up, puzzled. “You Ford, me Carey,” I explained, tapping chests where applicable. After today I wouldn't think of the poor kid as Rutherford, and never, I hoped, as Ruth. “Didn't anyone ever call you Ford? It's a nice name, real uh—butch.”

He smiled sunnily. “I'll be fourteen next month Carey.”

“Ever get laid?”

Ford choked on a slice of pastrami. He blushed and stammered like a thirteen-year-old schoolboy, “N-No. N-Not yet. Did y-you?”

His timid question revealed that he didn't consider me as ancient as I felt in his presence. Also the kid had a healthy interest in life's number one topic. It was up to me to pursue it. This was seduction on a seltzer budget. No gin and no vodka. It was up to me to talk my way into him.

“Did I ever get laid? When I was your age, I had two steadies.” Billy Joe and the swim coach. “Banging them made my whang grow. Honest, if you don't exercise your whang, it withers. Can't let that happen, not if you wanna make out with the chicks. They go for big cock. Even now I jerk it every chance I get. So far I've been lucky. I've fucked pussy from here to Canarsie—they like what I've got.”

Ford didn't ask to see it. I turned the spotlight on to his attractions, such as they were. “Girls are gonna like you too, Ford. I can tell. Crew-cuts are sure to be the rage next year. Some chick will ruffle your hair and the next thing you know she'll be ruffling your rod and begging you to boff her. You'll be screwing your dong into hairy gash every night. More than once a night. How many times can you cum, Ford?”

“I n-n-never counted.”

“Gee, I’m sorta horny right now. I raised this fucking hard-on.” I unreeled it. Ford stammered without actually saying anything. I said it for him. “You too, huh? Well, don’t be bashful. Take it out. What are you, a queer?”

Blushing, Ford exposed himself. No, I’d never think of him as Ruthie. His rod was all-boy. Blushing red around the rim, with a nice little head on it and a fair-sized backbone. I stroked mine as if I meant to masturbate. “May as well exercise. Ever jack off with a buddy?”

“A c-couple of times. With Ernie Sullivan.”

Goddamn Ernie. Today jacking off with his buddy, tomorrow jazzing his nephew. “I knew an Ernie once. Is your friend hung as big as you, Ford?”

“bout the same, I reckon. Ernie moved away last year.”

Tough. Jack-off buddies must be rare in the wide-open spaces. The young Arkansas traveler was more at ease now. He didn’t seem intimidated by the size of my whacker, nor was he ashamed to show the cock he’d jerked off with his Ernie. He didn’t whine when I reached for it. The stammering had ceased completely. “Pull me off, Carey,” he pleaded, “and I’ll pull you off.”

“We don’t do it that way in New York,” I lied. “Here’s how we do it. I sit like this and you move closer. That’s the idea. Just a little closer.”

His prong was throbbing a scant half inch under my nostrils. I opened my mouth. He could fuck it or catch a late ferry to Staten Island. Ford fucked it. He was too timid to do much pumping, but his jock on its own began pumping. Probing for shelter in the warmest part of my throat, toward the larynx. In no time at all the vein simmered; ignited, exploded. The kid’s cream had the consistency of musk-flavored porridge.

A blow-job started Ford on the road to maturity . The com-fed exclamations were laundered out of his vocabulary. “You sucked my cock,” he said in a tone tinged with wonder. The words came out: “*Yuh sucked mah cock,*” and the lilt in his voice made it sound like a love song.

“Guilty! I sucked it. That makes me a cocksucker, Rutherford. Guess now you wanna beat me up and forget you ever knew me.”

“Don’t say that—don’t call me Rutherford. Call me Ford. An’ please, Carey, suck mah cock again. Carey.”

And again. And again. Ford wasn’t hoggish. He jerked me off once or twice between sessions. I noticed he took a more than casual interest in my jism, and a supplementary interest in my butthole. A more sophisticated lad would have dipped his dong in the puddle and proceeded to ream me. Ford merely observed: “You shoot a big load, Carey. Suck mah cock, please!”

Ah sucked it. And sucked it a fourth time. I wasn’t anxious to grant the kid corn holing privileges. I certainly didn’t insist that he suck mah cock in return for mah favors. Actually, after the fifth or sixth round, I’d had it. His prick was no longer virginal; it was just a cute little prick and my gums were numb from its pressure. The afternoon had been enjoyable So, good-bye, Rutherford-Ford-nave a good trip back to wherever the hell it was, Arkansas.

I’d failed to take into account one of the great paradoxes of nature. Fundamentally, cocksuckers are realists. We suck and go on to the next one. It’s the straight boys who are inclined to become sentimental. Maybe because they don’t know where the next cocksucker’s gonna come from. Buttoning his shirt, Ford was downright blubbery.

“Reckon I’m gonna miss you,” he murmured.

“Look me up next time you’re in town.”

“Reckon there won’t be a next time for years an’ years,” he said sadly. “Sure wish you could visit us down in Farrell Falls.” If he put on ten pounds and about half that many inches, I might be persuaded to pay that visit. I can be sentimental too. As it was, I thought our farewells were final.

“So long, Ford.”

At the threshold, Ford reverted to Rutherford. He blushed and stammered: ‘C-could I write to you?’

“Yeah, you do that.”

I figured he'd send a scenic postcard from Little Rock and forget all about me. I figured wrong. The kid was a tireless correspondent. Once the letters started coming, they came like Rutherford, in multiple spurts, sometimes three in one delivery. His message never varied. Here he was back in Arkansas and he sure missed me. In case the seltzer had clouded my memory, he recounted in detail what I had done and how much he liked it. Ford ignored the rule that you should never put into a letter what you wouldn't want to hear read aloud on a TV talk show. Maybe they didn't have TV down in Farrell Falls. Maybe the kid really meant the wild compliments. Maybe I really meant something to him.

It's a nice feeling, knowing that out there someone sorta likes you. Being liked gives a guy a sense of responsibility. I felt if I left his letters unanswered, I'd be leaving the poor kid stranded among the Arkansas pygmies. So I made the fatal mistake: I wrote to Rutherford.

My letter, uncensored, could have been grafted on to the 11 o'clock CBS Weather Report. It was heavy on atmospheric conditions (getting warmer) and light on the personal. Rand grossly misinterpreted my intentions. His reply sizzled.

Dear Carey,

I know what you meant when you said it's getting warmer. I'm hot too. Couldn't get any hotter. I'm writing with one hand, jacking off with the other. If you were here now, you would suck it. I'd make you take my cock in your mouth till I shot my load and I'd make you keep it in till I stopped cumming. I can cum six times. I counted.

Couldn't you please come down to Farrell Falls, Carey?

We have plenty of room and there's lots to do on the farm. You'll have a good time, I promise.

Your friend,  
Ford

P.S. I came twice while writing this letter.

P.S.S. I told my folks all about you.

I examined the sheet of paper for cum stains before the impact of that post-post script hit me. *Gee fucking willikers!* Can a child molester be extradited to Arkansas? Can a hick growing up in the jet age be so fucking stupid? I had to know just what the idiot had spilled to his parents. A

telegram was too naked, too risky. I dashed off an urgent query without salutation or signature. **WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM?**

Like magic, the reply was in my mailbox the very next morning. Only it didn't come from Rutherford. The letter was written on cream-colored stationery in a neat flowing script unlike my correspondent's.

Dear Mr. Baxter:

Rutherford has told us many times how kind you were during his recent trip to New York. He insists that if it wasn't for you he would still be wandering through the U.N. buildings searching for the pickpocket who stole his wallet. The cinder in his eye must have been most painful.

How can we ever repay you? Removing the cinder, treating our boy to lunch, lending him the fare to return to his hotel. Truly you were a friend in need.

We would be honored to show you some real Southern hospitality any time you would care to visit us. Do try to come soon.

Sincerely,  
Lois Jameson  
(Mrs. Harcourt R. Jameson)

Mentally I offered an apology to Rutherford. The pickpocket-cinder story was excellent. Most schoolboys would be inclined to over-embroider a good thing by piling on snakebite and an attack by armed marauders. Ford kept it credible. A guy with a cinder in his eye and nothing in his pocket is virtually helpless, dependent on strangers. How many New Yorkers would hop to his rescue as I had?

I liked Mrs. Jameson's letter. A sincere invitation, sweet but not cloying. Southern hospitality, down on the farm hospitality. It takes lotsa brawn to run a farm. I'd ever chewed on a brawny Southern muscle. It might be sorta nice to vacation down among the clover, and save Ford all that postage.

No more letters. This time I did risk a telegram.

To Ford's mother:

**MANY THANKS FOR KIND INVITATION' ARRIVE SATURDAY'**

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Farrell Falls was about as far out as it sounded. Dead center. Deadly. Four blocks of sidewalk, one storefront cinema, and a restaurant featuring “grits with everything.” The Jamesons lived on the outskirts of that bustling community. Their farm looked well cared for, prosperous, solid, and dowdy. Like the Jamesons.

Ford’s parents couldn’t hide their surprise when they saw me. Apparently they were prepared to welcome a much older visitor. In their part of the country boys my age didn’t have their own apartment. I didn’t expect these rustics to dig me. If they didn’t really know their son Rutherford, how could they hope to cope with a semi-pro from Manhattan? I told them I lived with my aunt and uncle who’d been away at the time of Ford’s famous cinder.

Brush aside the hay and the elder Jamesons were perfectly amiable. Mrs. Jameson fluttered around very much like Aunt Marsha. Ford’s father seldom put in an appearance except at mealtimes. He was heavily built, unsmiling but not unfriendly, and I didn’t think he had a fucking thing in common with dear Uncle Ernie. Harcourt Jameson would define *poker* as “an instrument used to brand cattle.” A horse was meant for plowing, not racing. I couldn’t be sure whether he knew what you can do with a prick besides pissing through it. I was goddamn positive that the heavyset farmer would never jump his own nephew, if he had one. The best I could say for Ford’s father upon short acquaintance was that he didn’t look like a Harcourt. But who does for that matter?

The farm itself was postcard pretty, every blade of grass sculptured and color-coordinated, the pigs in the pens lacking only ribbons. Ford volunteered to act as my guide when we toured the grounds. He guided, I sucked. In the barn, the dell the meadow, and the shady grape arbor. I must have had half a dozen rousing reunions with him between my arrival and dinnertime. Good cocksucking sessions, but anti-climactic. Ford’s hang hadn’t grown any longer since Easter. Were six fucking inches worth a twelve hundred mile trip to Zilchville? I mean, a farm’s okay, but what do you do in the evening?

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, helping myself to one of Mrs. Jameson’s feathery corn fritters. “Ford showed me the grape arbor. It was beautiful, uh-so shady.” I turned to Mr. J. whose small talk was confined to biggies like “Pass the potatoes.” “Seems like a large place to run single-handed. How do you do it, sir?”

“Hired man helps,” he explained conversationally. “Pass the fritters.”

Gol durn it!· By cracky! That horse’s ass Rutherford hadn’t mentioned a hired man. If there was a hired man on the premises why did the kid have to import cocksucking talent? Wasn’t it part of the hired man’s duties to suck off the men in the house after he fucked all the womenfolk? Every farmhand I’d ever encountered in fiction. followed that pattern. Alone with Ford later, I sought further explanations.

“We don’t talk much about Jeb. See, he comes from Pa’s side of the family. Pa’s side never amounted to much. This place would be mortgaged and musty if it wasn’t for Ma’s money.”

That explained a lot. Rutherford was a bit of a snob. He sniffed at the word <>mortgage and simpered when he spoke of his mother. The old twat must be loaded. That’s why the Jameson farmhouse didn’t resemble the dreck boxes I’d passed on the road from Little Rock. Farmers’ wives customarily don’t use cream-colored stationery and write elegant, grammatical letters, etc. Okay, Mrs. J. had money. So what about the hired man?

“Where is this Jeb, on vacation?”

“He’s helpin’ out at Newton’s place down yonder.” Ford gestured vaguely north of the meadow, apparently eager to change the subject. “Jeb’s sorta spooky. He’s got warts.”

“Golly!” Warts in the proper places-can be erotic as well as knotty. “What else has he got, Ford? Wouldn’t happen to know, would you?”

Ford grinned. “You mean his cock? Jeb’s got a cock like a corncob. He likes to pull it. Jeb’s not like you an me, Carey. Reckon he never does more’n pull it. I tol’ yuh he’s spooky.” In a burst of candor the fucking young snob admitted: “Reckon we’re all ashamed to have kinfolk like Jebbro.”

“Kinfolk?”

“He’s mah cousin,” Ford confessed sadly, “Pa’s nephew.”

I chewed the kid’s uninspiring schlang with fervor worthy of the world’s most sensational whopper. I had to be the perfect houseguest and get my invitation extended. I don’t have a snobbish bone in my body. I couldn’t leave Farrell Falls without paying my respects to Uncle Harcourt’s nephew.

Jeb returned from Newton’s without fanfare. I didn’t know he was back till I spotted an unfamiliar lumbering figure near the barn. I went to investigate—and wondered how soon I could get the fuck back to Manhattan. At first sight, the Jamesons’ hired man-kin, was cornpone gruesome. His shaggy hair hadn’t been combed since Thanksgiving. The unwashed look continued up to his collarbone, and the clothes covering the rest of him smelled of the soil and the barnyard. His dark eyes were small, close-set, piggish. The warts—a few around his knuckles and one just to the left of his nose—were hardly noticeable. Warts like portholes would be hardly noticeable on a body like Jebbro’s. Huge and strapping, massive, monolithic, complete with cornpone belly. He could have been anywhere between nineteen and nineteen and a half, and he wasn’t friendly.

I said, “Hi, you must be Ford’s cousin. I’m Carey Baxter.” Jeb grunted. “Nice barn you’ve got here,” I added, not quite sure why I bothered. Jeb grunted.

Ford’s father came to my rescue. He appeared on the path, obviously with chores on his mind, and he dismissed his nephew with a curt gesture. “Jeb can’t talk much,” he explained, “not that he’d have anything to say.”

Jeb was a mute, but there was nothing wrong with his hearing. He sketched a sickly slave-to-master smile for his uncle and nodded to me before lumbering off on the chore circuit. The nod was an improvement over those goddamn grunts. Poor guy! I felt sorry for him. Sympathy’s supposed to be closely related to the gutsier passions like loving. I didn’t feel any love for Jeb, even if a corncob lurked under that corn pone belly. Anyway, I’d have to see it to believe it and love it.

Getting to see the hired man was a complex matter. He didn’t take his meals with the family. As far as I could gather, he had a work schedule that

would befuddle most Madison Avenue executives. Most Madison Avenue executives begin their day after six in the morning. At six in the morning, the hired man was already out choring. I know because I went to look for him. Before I went, I interrogated his cousin.

“If Jeb’s your kin, why do you call him the hired man?”

Ford was childishly petulant when if he had any sense he should have been jealous. “Why are you always harpin’ on Dumbo? We call him the hired man ‘cause that’s what he is. Pa says Jeb’s gotta toe the mark an’ earn his keep or out he goes.”

“Goes where?”

“To the County Home, I reckon.” Ford significantly tapped his forehead. Not too bright, huh? Well, who is, down in Arkansas?

Their slightly retarded family dependent, Ford informed me, slept in the tool shed, a ramshackle structure haphazardly appended to the barn. One gimcrack wall away from the livestock! Now more than merely sympathetic, I felt downright tender toward Jebbro. All out to do my good deed before I headed north. The poor mute moron would appreciate some genital attention. Think what a blow-job would mean to him. He’d surely be more appreciative than his young cousin. After several days of round-the-clock fellatio, the schoolboy was taking my services for granted and beginning to criticize my performance. “Whoa, too much teeth, man! Nex’ time suck mah pisshole when ah start shootin’!” Making dependents toe the mark-ran in the Jameson family.

When I investigated the tool shed, Jeb wasn’t in it. I saw where he bedded down though. It wasn’t too bad if you plan your decor around a hay and straw motif with rusty spanners as knick-knacks. If I waited long enough I suppose I would’ve caught him. Then what? I needed a opener. With a stud like Jeb the opener would have to be wide, not too crude, not too subtle.

I was used to elaborate shenanigans to entice my menfolk. I couldn’t climb in the hay (literally) with Jeb as I did with Alex. My stratagem was expensive. On the next shopping trip to town I bought bread and butter gifts for everyone. Candy for my hostess, tobacco for Mr. Jameson, a guide book

to Chicago for Ford in case his class made another excursion. And a gift for the hired man.

It was all good dough down the drain except for the tobacco. I made the presentation to Harcourt at a time when he was shouting instructions to his nephew. When Jeb loped off, I loped off after him.

“This is for you, Jeb.”

He stared at the brightly-wrapped package. His lacklustre eyes widened, but he made no move to reach for it. I thrust the gift at him. “For you, Jeb.” Fa Chrissake, hadn’t anyone ever given the bastard anything! Now came the hardest part. When he finally held his hand out, grinning with unspoken pleasure, I had to grab back the package. Stratagem. “Uh-later, Jeb.” The grin slowly faded, replaced by a kind of stoic resignation. If they ever did give him anything, they took it back fast. “I’ll give it to you later, Jeb. There —” I pointed toward the indoor haystack he called home. “After supper. About nine? Wait for me, Jeb.” He nodded and tried out another grin. It was pathetic.

Nine o’clock was a good in-between time. Ford had already enjoyed his after supper suck job; he liked to spend an hour in the parlor with momma and poppa before our late evening tussle. Arkansas farm folk hate walking worse than they hate the boll weevil. When I suggested a stroll there were no takers. I set off alone. To the tool shed.

In the dark, one shed resembles another. This place reminded me of the storage tent where I’d serviced a line-up of camp counselors. Only the smell was different. At Sha-wan-ga the tang of vacationland outdoors mingled with fresh boy sweat and clean tarpaulin. Here the aroma was rank, fetid. Dung and fertilizer and animals. And Jebbro.

He was fast asleep in his—well, it was a kind of stall. I stumbled over some unidentified object and saved myself from falling by clutching the sleeping stud’s shoulder. He sprang up so suddenly he almost knocked me over. He didn’t look sleepy. He looked tousled, as usual, and frightened.

“I brought your present, Jeb. How about some light?”

He struck a match, lighting a lantern. I must have imagined that frightened look, in the glow of the lantern his face glistened with eagerness. Christmas Eve eagerness. I turned aside, feeling like a fucking pseudo-

Santa. That's when I noticed that the object I'd stumbled over was an upended, three-legged milking stool. The stool brought things back in perspective. We weren't gathered around the Christmas tree, we were back in the stable. Jeb had torn away the wrappings. He held up the present: a pair of Jockey shorts. He stared at them, uncertain.

"They're shorts, Jeb. Underwear: Try 'em on." I thought I'd have to undress him—he slept with his clothes on. He was stroking, the cheap shiny cotton, grinning again.

"See, I wear 'em too." It was a semi-subtle, semi-gritty gesture, dropping my pants to show him I wore the very same kind of Jockeys. Jeb took the hint. He pulled down his ragged jeans on schedule. Underneath, he wore nothing. A male smell pervaded the atmosphere. Sweat, dirt, and smegma. His schmuck hung like an unshucked corncob draped with a thick slippery overhang, bright red like gift wrapping against the somber background of his thatch and his hairy thighs.

"Take off your shirt before you try the shorts on."

He slipped his shirt off. My strategy involved the usual hanky-panky when you're faced with a number wearing new Jockeys. You pat them in place, get the dick centered, make other adjustments where necessary, see what happens. Planning strategy on Jeb was as wasteful as squandering loot to buy Ford a guide book. Shirt off, stark naked, Jeb's prong reared up rigid. Just like that-rigid. No tentative gropes, no surreptitious patting. He didn't seem to notice that what he had was erected.

"You can't get shorts over that hump, fella."

I touched it gingerly. The foreskin still shielded most of the crown, but now the little pisshole was visible. Red as a baboon's ass. I pinched the sensitive skin hard to see the lips flicker open. Jeb whimpered. He threw his head back, bleating like an earthbound seagull, watching me play with his thumper. The bleating noise was disconcerting. Here's where a stud should declare his desires. "Suck it, kid!" Jeb whimpered, bleded. I closed my eyes, inhaled his aroma at close quarters, and went down on him. Jeb stuffed the corncob down my throat, pumping fast, groaning like a man when he doused me with hot, earthy jism.

I didn't expect any kind of reciprocation. You don't expect a sheep to fuck you back when you've fucked it. I just finished the jerk-off I'd started, cumming allover Jebbro without apology. He was the only guy I've ever jacked off on who didn't wipe up the puddle. It meant less than nothing to him, another sticky streak to add to the dirt patches caked on his body. My cock meant nothing to him and my willingness to bring him to ecstasy meant nothing to him. He knew only that what I did made him feel good, he knew the good feeling focused on his fucker. He drew my hand over it, grunting. Like a fucking animal.

Perched on the three-legged stool, I grasped his animal whang and pulled it. Milking the bull. A couple of pulls got him erected. He stood, hairy legs far apart, docilely allowing me to milk him till he actually felt the top cream on the bubble. Then he reacted manlike, forcing me to take it in my mouth and swallow his bull load.

I kept jacking the bullwhip. At last in the spirit of things, or just simply exhausted, the mute let me milk him to orgasm. We were both groaning when the milky sperm dripped out of his dong. I watched it splatter on the straw, on his legs. I should have had a pail ready to catch it. Jeb stood in his stall to be milked, sucked, or petted. I tapped my watch and said, "Tomorrow."

With a nod and a grunt, Jeb confirmed the appointment.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I was ashamed of myself. Maybe I'm not a fucking pillar of the community but I do have a certain code of conduct. If I make it with a guy I wanna cum and I wanna give him my best so he'll say, "Best ever!"

My code didn't work that way with Jebbro. He'd never shout, "Best ever!" He couldn't talk even though he could sorta communicate. He had warts. He was dirty. He had a big ugly cock-and I'd had it. Twice I'd gone down on it, and I wasn't panting for a third round. Whatever feelings I'd had for the mute had vanished. I guess I fell under the Jameson family spell —when in Rome, do as the Romans—I thought of the hired man as an animal. I looked forward to our appointment as to a trip to the zoo, to a cage without bars where I could play with a nearly human male animal.

That's not the way to approach a love fest, so that's why I felt ashamed for the moment. In the cage without bars there was no shame. The mute paced up and down waiting for me. Wearing his grubby shirt, stripped naked below it. He'd kept himself busy while waiting. His whip was fully erected. I gat it the few strokes required to set it going. Without shame or regret, I watched his creamy spunk flow.

Jeb's grunt was a plea for succor. I showed him my tongue. Teasing. "Want me to suck it? Okay, Jeb, next time." I played with him. I tweaked his hard nipples, pulling the tufts of brittle hair around them. Pulling the skin back, I licked the head of his whacker and saw it spring to life again. I set my lips close to the pisshole and kept jacking. Firm rubs, always with the promise that at the very next rub I'd relent and kiss it. Promised and cheated the shiny whang spurted. Some of the jizz hit my lips. I kept jacking. I milked the bull till he didn't have any cream left.

Jeb fell back, reproachful but still friendly. The reproachful glance did it. Fa Chrissake, if he was my fucking pet poodle, I'd have gone down on it for him. This time the limp dong wasn't erected, the thick foreskin wasn't retracted. I popped the bundle into my mouth, intending to redeem the evening's promises and get the fuck outta Arkansas in the morning.

The mute pushed me away. Now every grunt had special meaning. He wasn't declining my services, he was nervy, flustered. Like caged beasts at a distant rumble of thunder. Only the night was clear—there was no thunder—Jeb was frantically pointing to my watch. Gee willikers, I'd been with him for nearly two hours. It was almost eleven. Ford would send out a searching patty. The young master's disappointment could hardly explain Jeb's frantic motions. He was motioning that I should go and go quickly. Maybe he had late chores to tend to—or a late appointment.

“Good night, Jeb. See you tomorrow.” I snuffed out the lantern, pretended to leave, and parked myself in the dustiest reach of the tool shed. Under a worktable, hopefully invisible in the darkness. I figured I'd sweat it out a couple of minutes. Just kinda curious to see what Jeb would do on his own. I knew he wouldn't submit that abused dick to a jerk-off. Maybe there was a sliding panel connecting with the barn proper, and the hired man had an eleven o'clock rendezvous with a heifer. You don't run across much bestiality in Manhattan—not the sex kind. This might be a unique opportunity to witness a man-beast and beast in action.

I was beginning to see fairly well in the dark. Jeb didn't appear to be doing anything. He lay back on his pallet, silent. I was peering at the man-beast and I didn't hear the beast enter. Yet there was nothing stealthy about his entrance. The beast clumped into the shed wielding a flashlight. The beam of light was directed at Jeb.

*The reform school guard taking the prisoner out for a fucking. Roger Hunt dragged from his cot to be beaten; to get his young bung boffed. Roger screaming for mercy.*

It wasn't Roger screaming for mercy. Jeb tore the grit off his rusty vocal chords, emitting hideous choked bleating noises. Eyes dilated in terror. Saliva slobbering down his chin, arms raised to ward off blows that were quick in coming. His tormentor, the prison guard—Ford's father—advanced on him.

Uncle and nephew. I didn't need light to read the expression on the older man's face. *I don't want to do this. I have to. Have to keep the animals tamed, don't I? Can't stand for a racket in my postcard pretty barnyard.*

Using his belt and his fists, the farmer whipped the boy without mercy. Jeb's whimpers were undistinguishable from the cries of any brave kid in agony. The belt dropped and the whimpers died out at the same moment. I wondered why the farmer had administered the beating. To tame the half-human mute? To punish him for some minor infraction? Jeb had expected the visitor, was the visit an eleven o'clock ritual? Was Ford's father a sadist? No, a sadist would get his rocks off. His cock would be out, rigid, foaming. As if to clear himself of the charge of sadism, Harcourt exposed himself.

Providentially, the forgotten flashlight was trained on his midriff. The farmer's body was heavy but tastefully upholstered. He carried attractive equipment, a short stubby poker. There were so many convolutions of skin like wrinkles beneath the smooth head that the prong might expand like an accordion. Like an accordion, into a whopper. It was starting to expand now, just as the farmer dropped forward. The flashlight dropped. Again the scene was played out in darkness. Again I didn't need light to know what was happening. There are no creaking bedsprings on pallets, the background music was strangely muted. A faint squishing of straw, the faint whoosh of a prick working in and out of an asshole. They told the story—Uncle Harcourt was fucking the ass off his nephew.

He found his way out of the shed without the aid of his flash. But I needed light now, lotsa light on the subject. I struck a match and shone the lantern in Jeb's eyes. He was cowering again, crouched in his corner like a whipped puppy, hopelessly out of his depth and helpless to cope with *this* visitor. I didn't waste time making soothing noises. I had to fight an impulse to pull off my belt and wham him, an avuncular impulse I must have picked up somewhere.

“Turn over. I'm not gonna hurt you. Turn over, ya fuckin' animal!”

A fist in the crotch helped him turn over. His keester was bloated with cornpone, matted with hair. I traced a couple of Uncle Harcourt's souvenir welts before I opened the hairy cheeks. There was a wart flush in the center of the furrow. So fucking big I thought it was his bunghole. I licked it. I kissed the animal ass the farmer had cornholed. It was unwashed and funky and smelled of old straw, damp soil, and fresh rutting. Jeb had started to

writhe in rim job rapture. I wasn't eating out Dumbo! I harpooned him. I rode him hard, like an animal, and left him in darkness.

The overtime session put me in hot water with Rutherford. For a colorless kid with only six standard inches, he acted like a stud who held all the aces. He held only one ace-without his connivance, my invitation to stay at the farmhouse would expire. Now I wanted to stay, now that the vistas were broadening. Possibilities were spreading. I foresaw spreading myself three ways: blowing Ford, fucking in the stable, and establishing a cozy relationship with Harcourt.

In the morning I had a hankering to see what Jeb looked like in daylight, and Ford and I had a serious quarrel. His mother had roped him in to taking a basket of goodies down to the Newton farm. I refused to go with him.

"Too far," I said lazily. "Can't Mrs. Newton do her own cooking?"

"There's no Mrs. Newton. Tuck's a bachelor," Ford explained as if that nugget might tempt me. As it might—if I didn't have the hankering to see Jeb and screw him. Ford offered further tempt bait. "There's lotsa bushes between here an' Newton's. Ah might want mah prick sucked."

"Tell Tuck Newton to suck it." I softened the irate suggestion with a gentle, "So long, Ford."

Ford's rejoinder had an ominous ring. "'Bye, Baxter," he drawled. "See yuh up in New York sometime." I had the feeling that if my invitation was to be extended, it wouldn't be thanks to Rutherford. If you had a date in a cornfield with a shaggy, hard-assed male animal, would you fret about temperamental juveniles? Fuck Master Rutherford.

My date with Jeb wasn't exactly a date. I had to scour the fields to find him. I'm not even sure they were cornfields; I never did discover what crop was raised on the Jameson property. It was something green and leafy, maybe tobacco. Do they grow tobacco in Arkansas? Someday I'll have to consult a geography.

Jeb was pushing a hoe back and forth across a patch of sun-baked soil. He may have been retarded, but he read my mind accurately. As efficient as his cousin and easier to get along with, he led me to the shade of a clump of bushes. Neither grinning or grunting, businesslike, he dropped his stained

work jeans. On his hands and knees, he presented his ass for a fucking. Savage! Jeb wasn't wearing the underpants I'd gone out and bought him. I whacked his bare butt to teach him manners. His broad rump was sweaty, I wouldn't need a lubricant. I mounted him and twisted my hands down and under to hold on to his pole while I rode him. His pole was stiff and as sweaty as his backside. I dismounted to take a fast slide before the big bout. The mute gave my throat a drubbing which I swore I'd return with interest. I swallowed his load and climbed on him again. Even the beasts of the field show their gratitude—Jeb spread his own asscheeks. I pressed my dick on his wart, then on past his pucker. Heavings shook the berries off the bushes. The rough clutch of his insides shook the jizz out of my johnny. I climbed off, refreshed and raring.

Yeah, it was time to have it out. I never wanted to shake the dust of Arkansas off my testicles. If I couldn't stay thanks to Rutherford, it was time to ingratiate myself with the real master.

A private interview with Harcourt was indicated. The results of the interview would determine my future. If Harcourt Jameson liked me why couldn't I hole up here forever? The life of a fanner wasn't all bad, with bushes, tool sheds, and bedrooms strategically located, and hired men around to do the hoeing. My future might well lie here in the corn country. Why not admit it—when I thought of Harcourt I was considering my immediate future. Did all those cock convolutions smooth out to compose a prong of whopper proportions? Was there a whopper in my future? A roll in the bushes had refreshed me and heated my butthole. I craved a cooling session with Uncle Harcourt.

Easy scoring with Jebbro made me careless. I sought out the farmer without planning tactics. At the last minute I decided to give him the Doug Miller gimmick. I'd won the swimming coach when I showed him a non-existent mark on my ramrod. I would offer Jeb's loving uncle the reverse side of my talents. "Gee, Mr. Jameson, I hate to bother you. I have this pimple on my uh—" I'd shut up and show him. Wriggle my ass in his face and let him take over.

I accosted the fanner in the barn. When I should have been girding myself for non-stop wriggling, I found myself wondering whether he'd usher me up to the hayloft or ream me within sight of the livestock.

“Hello, Carey. Did you want to see me?”

I abandoned the pimple ploy. He wasn’t the coach, with *Let Me Suck It* engraved on his forehead. He looked so fucking ordinary, like a fanner, like a tobacco-chewing hot with a family. Not the type to creep up on a guy with his fly open. Not the type to lavish his spunk on boy hump. If I hadn’t seen the evidence shiny on Jeb’s hairy asshole, I’d accuse myself of imagining things. The moment of confusion proved fatal. I acted like a dumb kid who’d never had my advantages. Instead of turning and wriggling, I faced him and blurted:

“I know about you and Jeb.”

“What about me an’ Jeb?” Harcourt didn’t look angry, he looked livid. On the defensive, ready to assume the offensive any second and throttle me. “What about me an’ Jeb?” he repeated self-righteously.

Sanctimonious old bastard! Prowling the grounds to pounce on his helpless hulk of a nephew. Worse than my uncle. Uncle Ernie had never whipped me—till our affair was ended. Uncle Ernie had never fucked me and condemned me to slavery. Uncle Ernie! I lashed out at Ernie and at Jeb’s uncle and at studs I hadn’t met yet.

“Shove it! I saw what you did to him. You beat him. You reamed him.”

Making that rash accusation showed I had superior eyesight and inferior judgment. The farmer’s face was contorted into a mask of murderous rage. To soothe him and salvage whatever I could out of the schlemozzle I said: “I’m all for it, Mr. J. Jeb and I just had a party and—”

“You’re insane.” A cracked whisper emerged from behind the mask-Harcourt fighting to control himself. “Insane! You’ll regret this, Baxter I’ll see that you regret it.”

“Gonna belt me, Mr. Jameson? Like you belt your nephew? Save it for Rutherford. There’s a boy who deserves it. Luring me here to suck that fuckin’ six-inch thimble!” The thrust was wildly off-target, but Wrinkle Whang was coming at me, straight on target. Paws raised, fingers extended for a throttling. I made a hasty, ignominious exit.

I walked fast. Off the Jameson property. Where to now? From Farrell Falls I could catch a bus bound for Little Rock. They ran once or twice

weekly. This might be the day. This might be the day to drown myself. I had to go somewhere, anywhere. Not back to Manhattan. Not back to the lonely life in Manhattan.

I trudged through fields that weren't Jameson property. They didn't look much different. Clover or alfalfa or tobacco. The highway was a faint ribbon in the far distance. That road led to town, at least I hoped so. With my fucked-up sense of direction I might trudge on forever and spend my life circling the Jameson property. That had been my goal an hour before: to live happily ever after in the center of a circle composed of Jeb, Ford, and the farmer. Now the only goal in my life was to sip a cool drink of water. Afterward I could get to town somehow and look up bus schedules-to somewhere.

Land ho! I had arrived somewhere. A clapboard farmhouse loomed up past the shrubs to the left of the path. This must be the Newton place. I swerved to the left, heading straight for the house. Tuck Newton would surely stake me to a glass of water. He might even give me a hitch into town. He might even give me a reason for living.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I had to climb uphill to reach the farmhouse. As I approached from the roadside, a tall figure strode in from the fields. He waved a greeting, then paused in his tracks to stare at me quizzically. Our paths converged within a few feet of the doorway. For him I would have climbed an active volcano dived in, scrambled out with my tongue furled for action.

My six-foot reason for living. My future.

“Excuse me, sir, is this the Newton place?”

My future smiled. “Sure is. I’m Tuck Newton. What can I do for you?”

Even if your hormones were dozing, Tuck Newton would dazzle your eyeballs. He was scintillating, outshining the harsh Arkansas sunlight. Amber glints lighted his eyes, melting susceptible onlookers. Melted, I admired his great strapping torso and feebly bit my lip, trying to estimate his dimensions. From somewhere beyond the golden haze of his skin tones, an echo repeated: “What can I do for you?”

There was no sense in startling the guy by supplying the obvious answer. I skipped the grit and mentioned only peripheral matters, like my raging thirst and my transportation requirements.

Tuck stroked his chin, momentarily hiding his dimple. “I’ll be glad to drive you to the depot,” he said after due consideration. “Had to go into town anyway.” If I wasn’t bemused and bedazzled, I would have wondered how this gorgeous rustic surmised I wanted the depot among Farrell Falls many glittering landmarks.” My flight from the Jamesons had been precipitous as well as ignominious. I’d left my luggage behind me.

“C’mon in,” Tuck Newton invited. “I’ll see what I c’n rustle up besides water.”

I followed him into the farmhouse. The bachelor establishment didn’t run to flowered chintz and knitted antimacassars, like a certain other home in the neighborhood. The furnishings mostly were unpainted, unvarnished, and comfortable, and the most comfortable room of all was the kitchen. Tuck elbowed an armload of junk out of the way, clearing the table. He

offered me a choice between milk and warmed over coffee. I chose milk, feeling virtuous. He winked and said, "We'll have something stronger for the road later." With that promise, he dumped a tattered copy of the *Farmers Almanac* in my lap, and considered his hostly duties ended. "I'm a fast hand at a shower," Tuck boasted upon leaving. "Gimme five minutes, an' we'll get started."

According to the *Almanac*, the upcoming crop was string beans and we were in for a frosty long winter. Tuck was taking a helluva long five minutes. One minute to slip off his overalls, another soap up his schläng under the shower, another to rinse off, another to jerk off. With one minute to go, I counted fast up to sixty, eliminating odd numbers after eleven. Then I raced upstairs after him.

The shower was still running. The adjoining room, with overalls draped over the floorboards, must be the master bedroom. I went in to await the master. After my last stab at seduction, I swore that this time I'd play it passive. Let Mr. Newton do the seducing—if he was in the mood after jerking off in the shower.

Tuck ambled in wearing a damp, freshly scrubbed look. I heaved a sigh of relief. He was scrubbed, not washed out like you get after a vigorous pud pull. Scrubbed and glistening, six feet of power-packed beefcake, every inch potentially edible. Potentially. I couldn't say for certain because the most potentially edible morsel was covered by a towel. If the imbroglio with Harcourt hadn't cramped my style, a loosely knotted towel would present no problems. I could claim: "That towel was stolen from the Mile High Hilton in Denver!" and snatch it off him. But such tactics fall under the heading *Seduction*.

Meanwhile the six-footer grinned down at me. Tuck's grin was sympathetic rather than seductive. Maybe he felt sorry for vagrants who knocked on his door begging for water. Maybe the grin was calculated. Plenty of guys my age without my experience have been seduced through a show of sympathy. I was willing. Tuck still looked sorry for me, though when he spoke he revealed only normal curiosity. "What happened, fella? Jameson catch you going down on Rutherford?"

If I said no, he'd get the impression I was denying my birthright. He might even assume I wasn't a cocksucker. So I lied and said, "Sorta. How

did you know?"

"Down here in the outback, we get to know everyone's business," Tuck explained smoothly. "I heard all about Rutherford's friend from Manhattan. Now I ask you—who but a cocksucker would bother with a pimply punk like Rutherford?"

Tuck about-faced, dropped the towel; and swiftly hoisted his underpants. He couldn't be that modest, he must be teasing. Teased out of my breath, I whispered: "Why do you call Ford a punk? You have anything better to offer?"

"Naw. I'm built about average." He reached in his shorts and unleashed a shaft of rosy-gold lightning. A cascade of shimmering cock hanging out, stretching toward me. A whopper. Unwrinkled. Smooth-fleshed. The biggest hunk of hawg gristle since Ernie's. The head reared up, not rigid but inquisitive for a glimpse of the hand that was petting it. I petted it, sucked it, swallowed a shower of silky molasses.

"Thanks for the job, kid. I'll be dressed in a minute an' I'll take you to town."

"Don't rush, tomorrow 'll be fine. Or two months from Thursday. Uh-unless you're in a hurry."

Tuck looked up from his shoelaces. "I am in a hurry," he said flatly. "Have to see about hiring a guy to give me a hand around here."

*A hired man.* A man to help with the chores and to serve indoors when needed. A stud to be kept on the premises, handy for screwing.

"A guy to have around when you feel like fucking?"

If I touched dangerous ground, you couldn't tell from Tuck's placid expression. His voice remained flat but cheerful as he admitted: "Could be. If his ass is right."

"Like Jebbro? You had him up here 'giving you a hand' recently. Throw him some good fucks while you had him?"

"Sure. That's what Jeb's made for. I threw him into the tub first, naturally."

It was unnatural. Opposed to every damn thing I stood for, but true to the vision I had when I first spied Tuck Newton. He was my future. My future was in this—what did he call it?—this outback. Hoeing and planting a bumper crop of string beans. Getting fucked by Tuck Newton.

I never begged anyone. I never begged Ernie for a second chance but I begged Tuck to make a slave out of me. “Don’t go to town, Tuck—sir. Hire me. Let me stay here. I’ll give you a hand. I’ll do anything you say, Tuck. I know a lot about working a farm. Honest!”

“An’ what you don’t know, I can teach you.” Tuck shook his head. “No go. Believe me it wouldn’t be fair to you, Carey.”

Being *fair* in my lexicon means sucking back after you’ve been serviced. Gee, I wouldn’t expect a stud like Tuck to reciprocate. “Gee. I wouldn’t expect you to do me,” I stammered, “I—I could always use Jeb in a pinch.” He grinned at that but kept shaking his head no. Pushed to the wall, I finally wailed: “Didn’t you like the blow-job?”

“Sure I liked it. Look, I’m sorry, kid, I don’t go for repeats.”

“Who’s asking for repeats? I thought you might like to ream me.”

“Think you could take it? Bet you could at that. You’re a good kid, Carey. I’d like to have you around, but—don’t get mad now—” He hesitated, then spoke rapidly. “I don’t like ‘em your age, Carey.”

“How old do you like ‘em Tuck?”

“Young. The younger the better.” He stared ruefully at his whopper which happened to be hanging out of his shorts to be stared at. “I can’t make ‘em take this on. Suck or fuck, it could kill ‘em. So I have to play it cozy. I’m easy to please when I have a real young one to play with. I kinda like to see ‘em shoot off, lose their loads. It excites me. See, I’m excited already.” He pinched the head of his stiffening whacker. “Like if you were to go down on a kid and lemme see his cream fly, I’d get so excited I’d fuck your ass ragged.”

Tuck showed me his bone and wouldn’t let me touch it. His eyes gleamed, bright gold, metallic. “If you’d jerk a kid off for me, I’d rub my dick in the jizz before I jump you. I know how to repay a guy, Carey. I can keep banging all night steady.”

Why couldn't he have a minor aberration like whipping poor orphans or using my nuts as a punching bag? Whatever his quirks, Tuck Newton now had a willing accessory.

"I suppose you can't carry on much around here, can you?"

Tuck grunted, "What do you think? If I fool around with small fry—even hands off, just watching—even if I only give 'em a room to jerk off in—the whole county would know before the cream dried. I'd be tarred and feathered and hung upside down in front of the courthouse—after they cut my cock off. Nope, I have to travel clear up to Memphis to get what I want. An' I see stuff right here worth a dozen Tennessee chicken."

I could think of a dozen ways for Tuck to achieve his ambitions and keep his cock attached to the rest of his basket. You can probably think of two dozen. Still, if the frustrated molester had his heart set on seeing chicken losing their loads to a cocksucker, he really did need my assistance. "Stuff like what?" I asked. "Who's first on the program?"

"Line Stebbins," Tuck replied promptly.

Tuck revealed all there was to know about Line Stebbins. A twelve-year-old string bean he was hooked on, a lad who lived with his widowed mother on a pocket-sized farm a mile or so south of the Jamesons. Together we plotted the strategy for our assault on young Lincoln's sweet cream.

It was easier than sending out cards and summoning salesmen. No fussing about postage, no waiting. I went calling on the good Widow Stebbins.

"Morning, ma'am. My name's Carey Baxter. I'm visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. Thought I'd like to get acquainted."

Mrs. Stebbins had just come in from gathering the eggs when I arrived to pick up the chicken. She fluttered like a mother hen. "I declare! This is right neighborly. You set right there, let me fetch you a glass of cold buttermilk."

"Thank you, ma'am." Buttermilk makes me puke. I followed her into the kitchen. A pair of freckled-faced pullets were seated at the table, spreading drippings on huge slabs of cornbread.

“This is my son Lincoln.” Mrs. S. nudged the sturdier youngster. “Say howdy to Mr. Baxter. And this is my nephew Ulrich. Ulrich lives up in Fayetteville, he’s spending the summer with us.”

I made polite noises and responded to polite howdys with a hearty, “Hi, Lincoln! Hi, Ulrich!” When I got them outside, I’d whittle ‘em down to Line and Rich. Rich was a sliver less sturdy, a year or so younger than his cousin, old enough to cum if prodded. Tuck had sure hit it lucky. He was gonna win two for the price of a single.

“Much obliged for the buttermilk, ma’am. Delicious! Yes, I’m wild about Arkansas. Prettiest state in the Union. Only thing I miss is the swimming. Really? There’s a creek not far from here? Reckon someday I’ll find it. The boys wouldn’t mind showing me? Hot diggety! Whaddya say, fellas, would you like to go swimming? Great! Sure thing, Mrs. Stebbins, ma’am, I’ll have them back before supper, and I’ll see- that they have a real tasty lunch. This is right neighborly of you ma’am.”

*Thanks again, twat!*

We reached the creek after a fifteen minute hike through the meadows and back roads. Tuck and I had timed everything. I’d have an extra few minutes alone with the boys, time to soften them up or, you might say, to stiffen them. At precisely the proper moment we would go on to meet Tuck. He’d lurk in the bushes, disguised, unrecognizable. Cloak and dagger touches useful to criminals and plump chicken fanciers: a paste-on mustache, dark glasses, a bat worn low to cover his blond hair, and nothing at all to cover his hard-on.

The kids whooped it up as soon as they sniffed water.

“Hold it, fellas!” I snapped in my best camp counselor manner. “We can’t go swimming. We forgot our bathing trunks.”

Both boys giggled. In rural Arkansas—and I guess the same held true for Fayetteville—trunks were merely oversized suitcases. Creeks were bodies of water fellas swam nude in. The place was as still as a cave, remoter, Swim trunks here would be as incongruous as nail polish on a longshoreman.

We peeled down together companionably. Line had a thin layer of thatch and a surprisingly thick prong dangling below it. In two or three

years he'd excite even normal perverts. His cousin was totally bald and slim in the basket department. He showed what I called the guinea grocer's delight—a schlang the color, shape, and consistency of a strand of overcooked spaghetti.

“Is it all right to go in the water now, mister?”

“Soon.”

Not just yet though. Before we dunked our toes I'd suggest that we explore the surrounding bushes. On the way I'd casually mention a game popular among us damn Yankees. A very special game only men and boys can play. I'd pull my dong a little to give them a preview, and Line would blush under his sunburn. He knew that game—he thought he did, I'd teach him another. I'd play with my pole till I had a Yankee corncob to sic on them. Before they recovered, I'd sink to my knees and lick their young jujubes. “That's the game, fellas. Like it?”

Once wet, their whangs would stand up and beg for attention. Blindly, begging, they would let me lead them deep into the brush, where Nemesis was waiting. Nemesis, naked with dark glasses. They would see him plunge his huge rapier into me while I blew them. Tuck's amber eyes would goggle with lust and he'd ride me hard, hard as he watched the cream fly. Maybe Tuck hadn't confided the whole story. Maybe his big kicks came when he strangled the moppets. Maybe he'd kill them after I blew them.

I'd kill them another way. After they fucked my mouth, they'd no longer be children. Their hungry hangs would burst out of their small fry bodies. They'd be too big for hand jobs, they'd want their dicks sucked. If they couldn't latch on to me, they'd go out on the lifelong hunt for cocksuckers. If I took them into the bushes, I'd ensnare them for always.

Kinda low, huh? I led kids like Billy Joe and Ford into the life because I had the hots for them. These semi-developed punks didn't even make me warm, they meant nothing to me. I told myself I was starting them off, using them, in a noble cause. So that Tuck would let me live with him, happily ever after. Cut the horseshit, Carey! Tuck would kick me out whenever he felt like. I was delivering the kids to the slaughter because I wanted my ass fucked just once by Tuck's monster weapon.

The quicker I delivered them, the quicker I'd get rewarded.

I called the kids into a huddle. “Look, we’ll have our swim later. First let’s see what’s behind those bushes. I know a game we can play when we get there.” I didn’t wait till we got there. I started to masturbate right out in the open. I groped for Line’s hand and rubbed his rod a couple of times while groping.

Line innocently tried to shield his rising peeker. He shivered slightly, shy but game for adventure. In a clear boyish voice he asked timidly: “You know our names. What should we call you, mister?”

For a while the shrimp had me stymied. What should they call me? I thought of Uncle Terry, talent-scouting for his boys’ camp, hungrily swallowing my jism. Uncle Harcourt, relentlessly slamming his dick into his nephew. I thought of Uncle Ernie. Battering me into manhood. Loving me for a minute. Abandoning me.

I smiled at my victims, clutching their cocks in a death grip. “*Call me Uncle Carey.*”

**THE END**